

The Sketch

No. 742.—Vol. LVIII.

WEDNESDAY,

APRIL 17, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

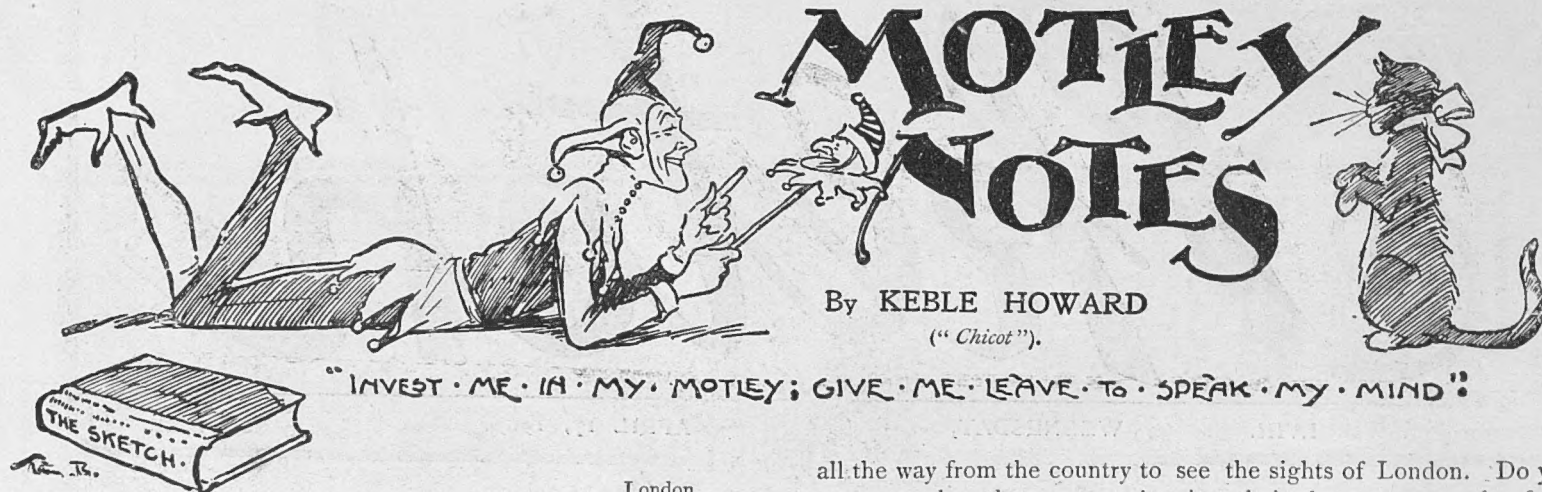


THE AUTHOR OF "VOTES FOR WOMEN": MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS, WHOSE "DRAMATIC TRACT"

WAS PRODUCED AT THE COURT LAST WEEK.

Miss Robins's "tract" met with a fair measure of success, but is scarcely a play in the strict sense of the word. Undoubtedly, however, it is interesting, and it is also remarkable for the faithful way in which a Trafalgar Square meeting is reproduced. It need hardly be said that Miss Robins is the author of "The Magnetic North," "The Open Question," "A Dark Lantern," and other works; while she is also well known as an actress, particularly as an interpreter of Ibsen's characters.

Photograph by Russell.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

Adam's Lost Opportunity.

London.
Mr. Eustace Miles is untiring in his naughty efforts to make humanity look ridiculous. Writing in the new magazine that anyone may possess by merely lending the publishers a paltry fourpence, he says, "For those who can manage it, and who find that it suits them, the ideal position for brain-work of most kinds is the recumbent one." Let us consider the various kinds of brain-work, and see whether Mr. Miles's suggestion is really practicable. We will begin, of course, with writing. Have you ever tried to write in bed? I have, and I scored a pretty decided failure. Mr. Miles would like us to believe that he finds the task quite easy. He draws up his knees, he says, so that they form a natural desk. That is all very well, but what is there to prevent his poor feet from slipping? "I am writing this article in bed," he declares, "and it seems to me that among the proofs of design in Nature one must reckon the fitness of the legs above the knees (with the bed-clothes stretched over them) to form a writing-desk for workers in bed." Adam, in short, though he never knew it, was intended to write in bed, with the bed-clothes stretched over his legs above the knees. What in the world would Eve have thought? Would she have been able to restrain her laughter? Anyway, I feel sure that the ichthyosaurus, spying his master from afar, would have giggled.

The Canon in the Hammock.

Take, next, the preacher. (The preacher, I presume, may be called a brain-worker.) How are we to arrange things so that the preacher may lie down to preach? The ordinary pulpit does not encourage the adoption of the recumbent position; and, even if it did, the preacher would look a little odd as seen through the carving. You might rig up a sort of exalted couch above the pulpit, but I doubt whether the poor dear's voice would carry to the uttermost parts of the cathedral. The best plan, perhaps, would be to sling a hammock from the roof immediately over the central aisle. At one end of it make a hole, through which the preacher could thrust his head. At the first sign of apoplexy, lower the hammock and turn him over on his back. Our difficulty with regard to the preacher also applies to the lecturer, the politician, the schoolmaster, the doctor, the salesman, the stockbroker, the engine-driver, and the members of a few other learned professions overlooked, in the comfort of the moment, by Mr. Eustace Miles. Even Mr. Miles, I fancy, for all that he can make such a capital writing-desk of his legs, would find it rather inconvenient to drive a railway-engine whilst in a recumbent position. (Mr. Miles, I mean; not the engine) . . . I will not prolong the list. I have done my duty by warning you against the wiles of Miles.

Too Much Walking-Stick.

Don't you think it ought to be an indictable offence, save in the case of the infirm, to carry a walking-stick in the crowded thoroughfares of London? I do. A man with a walking-stick, even when he carries it quietly, takes up half as much space again as the man without one. When he flourishes his stick, he takes up just three times as much space as the stickless fellow. Once upon a time, being fired with an ambition to lead the strenuous life, I gave up my walking-stick. The walking-stick and the life of bustle, it seemed to me, did not harmonise. Later, tiring of the strenuous phase, I bought another walking-stick, and have carried it ever since. Unfortunately, I have developed a habit of flourishing my stick as I walk. Every now and again I find myself, to my dismay, rapping somebody behind me on the shins. They don't like it, and I don't like it, and the thing ought to be stopped. Many of those upon whom I have thus unwittingly inflicted pain have come

all the way from the country to see the sights of London. Do you suppose, when they were embracing their dear ones on the front doorstep, that they expected, as they strayed down the Strand, to get a rap on the shins from my walking-stick? Certainly not! The idea is monstrous! I have a right to demand, therefore, that I shall be kept in order by legislation.

In Defence of an Old Lady.

The *Guardian* has been saying some bitterly sarcastic things about Oxford. For example: "Oxford is about the most active centre of progressive thought in the kingdom, and so far from dreading lest any too fond attachment to an irrevocable past should find a place there, one rather fears a too restless spirit of experiment, a too ardent desire—if that were possible—to advance at any cost to new conquests of knowledge." It is hardly fair, perhaps, to attack an effete institution with sarcasm. However, Oxford may reply to the *Guardian* in the words addressed by Martin Chuzzlewit to Mark Tapley. "Mark," said Martin, "I shall be very much obliged to you if you'll have the goodness not to interfere with preposterous statements, however jocose they may appear to you."

Bad Taste in the Theatre.

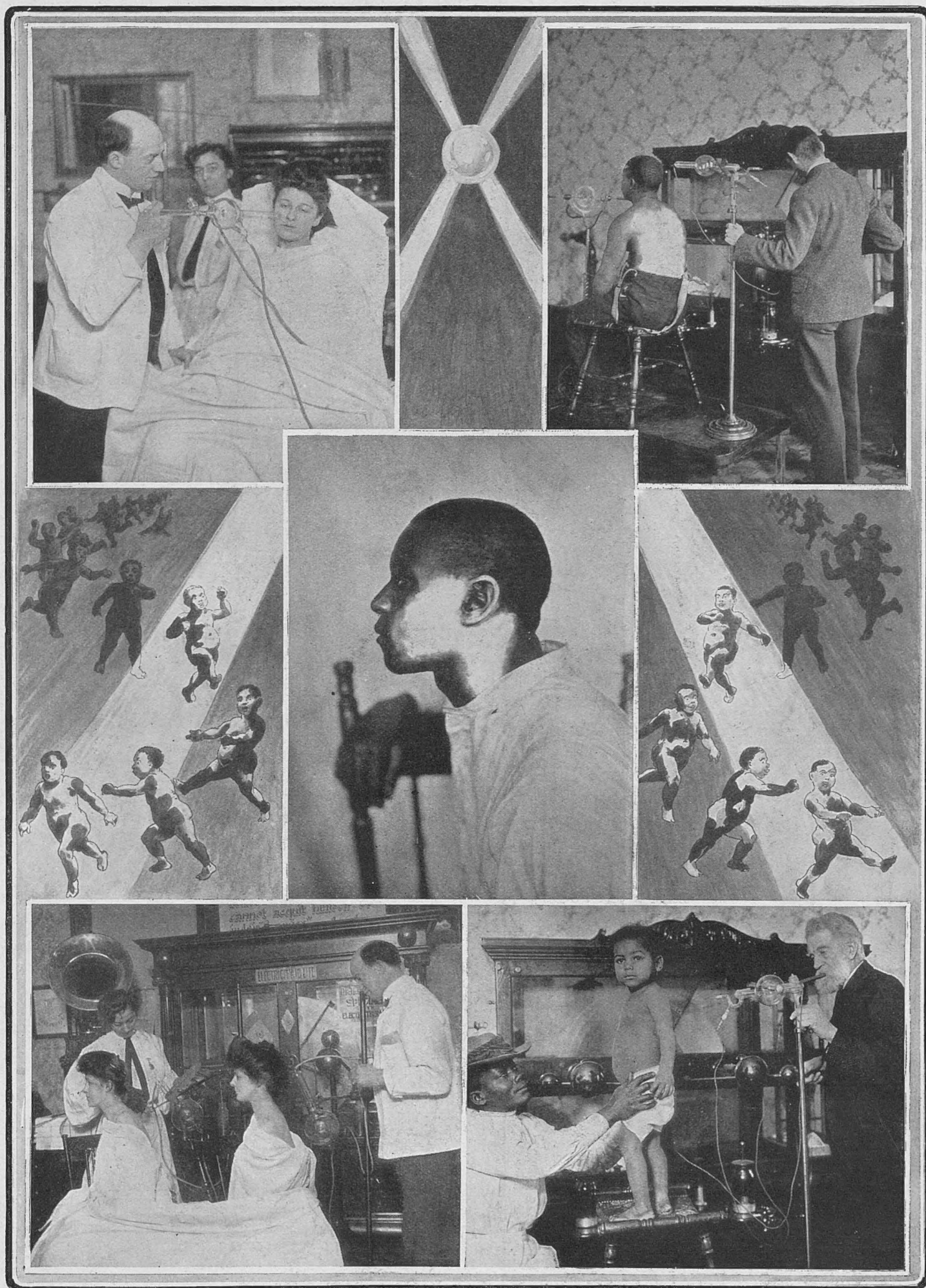
A correspondent wishes to know whether, in my opinion, it is good form in an actor or any public entertainer to make fun of physical infirmities, such as stammering. I have not the slightest hesitation in assuring him that, if I had my way, anybody, either on the stage or off it, who made fun of stammering should be struck with the same infliction. Sometimes, by the wisdom and justice of Nature, they are. Many schoolboys have caught the trick of stammering by getting a cheap laugh at the expense of a stammerer. Stammering is the easiest thing in the world to imitate. Anybody can do it, and it is never funny. On the other hand, any man, woman, or child who suffers, or has ever suffered, from stammering knows that it is an almost insuperable bar to success in life, and the cause of never-ending mental pain in those afflicted. People on the stage who imitate stammering ought to realise that their ignorant and callous behaviour will be copied by thousands of the equally ignorant and callous who come to see the performance. All such errors of taste are horrible to those of sympathetic nature. A few nights ago I heard a comedian imitating a person harelipped. Everybody in the audience was laughing—save those who had children or other dear ones similarly afflicted. What must *their* feelings have been!

A FEW HINTS FOR YOUNG SPRING CLEANERS.

- (1) *Never forget that man is a selfish animal. He will probably suggest dining at his club instead of in the kitchen. This must be combated with reproaches and, if necessary, tears.*
- (2) *If you cry, let the tears run down your cheeks. The striking effect obtained during the spring-cleaning season would appeal to the most brutal criminal that ever drew breath.*
- (3) *Your husband is sure to complain that the bed in the spare room is damp. Seize this opportunity to remind him that, but for his disgusting selfishness, your sainted mother might have been sleeping in it throughout the winter.*
- (4) *Be careful to enamel the big bath and the hip-bath on the same day. Otherwise your husband will never realise that he has married the most painstaking little housewife in the world.*
- (5) *You will not, of course, allow any butcher's meat to be brought into the house during this period. If your husband mentions "tinned stuff," breathe "Chicago!" at him and then kiss the youngest child with rare tenderness.*
- (6) *A clean house, between ourselves, looks very much the same as a dirty one. Directly your husband says "After all—," have hysterics.*

CHANGING THE ETHIOPIAN'S SKIN :

TURNING BLACK MEN INTO WHITE BY MEANS OF THE X-RAYS.



The Biblical conundrum as to whether the Ethiopian can change his skin is being answered in America, where there is now an institution which has as its object the turning of black men into white. The skin is bleached by means of the X-rays, which, so the X-rays expert who is in charge of the institution declares, destroy the colouring matter. The same expert claims that he is able by the same means to bleach out "port-wine" stains on the skin. The first and the fourth photographs show this operation, and the subjects are, of course, white women.

Photographs supplied by the Topical Press

WHY NOT MORE VARIETY IN OUR SANDWICH-MEN?

NOVEL EXAMPLES IN GERMANY.



The sandwich-man resembles his hereditary enemy the policeman, in that his lot is not a happy one. When he has to don disguise, or carry elaborate creations such as those illustrated, in place of the unsightly but less cumbersome boards, it is, perhaps, at its worst. Yet, who knows? Possibly the men find that competition lends a zest to life, and rejoice in their hearts when the advertisements they "walk out" are more novel than those borne by their dearest friends. For all that, it is doubtful whether many would seek to perambulate the streets in the form of a bottle, shoulder a monster tennis-racket, or drag a stuffed dog in a case.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

"TIRELESS TEDDY'S" OPERA-SINGER COUSIN.



MISS MAUDE ROOSEVELT, COUSIN OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WHO RECENTLY APPEARED AS ELSA IN "LOHENGRIN," AT THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE AT ELBERFELD.

President Roosevelt, irreverently termed "Tireless Teddy" in view of his particularly strenuous nature, can now boast an opera-singer among his relations—no less a person than Miss Maude Roosevelt, whose portrait is here given. Miss Roosevelt recently made a successful début as Elsa in "Lohengrin," and was at once engaged for the coming season as a member of the Elberfeld Theatre Company.—[*Photograph by J. Fuchs.*]

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 Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
 same risk.

April 17, 1907.

Signature.....

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

<p>BLACKWOOD. The Globular Jottings of Griselda. E. Douglas Hume. 20s. net. The Mystics. Katherine Cecil Thurston. 3s. 6d. Peggotts. Margaret Paterson. 6s. JOHN MURRAY. Her Son. Horace Annesley Vachell. 6s. A Nation in Arms. Field-Marshal the Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G. 1s. net.</p>	<p>HENRY J. DRANE. The A B C of Billiards. Sydenham Dixon. 1s. The Leaven of the Pharisees. Etta Buchanan Bennett. 6s. The Grief of Gurney Court. Harvey Buck-son. 6s. Heir to a Million. Clunie Maxton. 6s. Revolution and Evolution. Beta. 1s. A Memory of the Old Slave Days. G. D. De Montmorency. 6s. Time and Tide. Mary Whitmore Jones. 6s. SIDNEY APPLETON. The Dog. Frank Townsend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. 2s. 6d. net. DUCKWORTH. Sweet Rogues. Owen Vaughan. 6s. A Magdalen's Husband. Vincent Brown. 6d. SMITH, ELDER. The Prince's Valet. John Barnet. 6s. HODDER AND STOUGHTON. The Mystery. Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkin Adams. 6s. A Shepherd of the Stars. Frances Campbell. 6s. The Man of the World. Antonio Fogazzaro. 6s. T. FISHER UNWIN. The Woman (Malombra). Antonio Fogaz-zaro. 6s.</p>
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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

APRIL 20.

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THE SOTHERN-MARLOWE SEASON.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

LORD CROMER & SIR ELDON GORST

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SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THE

UTOPIA-HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTHROP.

EATING IN THE TRAIN.

THE more insular among us are apt to consider eating in a railway-carriage an undignified, foreign custom. The mere idea of eating in public has only lately been admitted to be correct. Fine restaurants and dignified hotels, where we dine

in each others' sight unashamed, have driven us to think more broad-mindedly. I am sure, however, that there lingers a class of

man who considers the spectacle of his wife indulging in a lobster-salad openly, before the eyes of foreign waiters, as a downfall of a national idea of privacy. We cling to our separate railway compartments. Many would reinstate the old horse-boxes in eating-houses; and a few would care to see again the high box-pews in our parish churches.

An Englishman, once he has shut the door of his home, walks into the street with a secure feeling that other Englishmen will not allude to such a sacred place. The Englishman, above all men of other nations, preserves a right to bachelorhood. He does not caress his wife in public; he does not like to be discovered with his children, and the idea of taking them all to a restaurant would strike him as savouring of immorality.

To see him on his holiday is to see him in his dual capacity as husband and bachelor. He bundles his wife and children out of sight into the railway carriage, and stands alone on the platform like a chirpy bullfinch looking quite unconscious of his nest.

The signs of the times tell a new tale; show, like the spring buds, that there is a fresh idea waiting to break forth. Only the other day I had a cup of black coffee served to me after my lunch on the train which was not worse than English-made coffee usually is.

Now, there is a charm in eating on a railway journey worthy of being understood.

There is the air of freedom from care, of rapid motion, of ever-changing scenery. There is a certain light-heartedness foreign to our daily existence (which we generally miscall life), there is a joy in the unexpected dish, and a wave of thankfulness that we can escape the torture of the average refreshment-room luncheon-basket.

I have tried (this is no boast) the luncheon-baskets on several English lines, and on four of the great French lines. All were equally bad, the French, if anything, worse than our own. I have twice been poisoned, and once had a wing and leg of a really good chicken.

Chicken! And Cheddar!

What is there in the atmosphere of railway stations which blinds the imagination of those who provide baskets of food?

If you lunch, for instance, in the refreshment-room in Bristol Station (where they have excellent cold beef), you see on the bar counter half-a-dozen varieties of cold foods, any one of which would be a delightful change from the universal cold, old fowl.

Not a bit of it. Chicken reigns supreme if you order a luncheon-basket carelessly. No such idea as a cold cutlet in aspic, or fresh potted shrimps, or any of the many cold delicacies, no; simply a watery-fleshed fowl, dead and cut up and cold and dank, surrounded by warm ham and decidedly flabby lettuce.

One cannot, perhaps, lay this at the door of the refreshment contractors except in to say that they do not realise the beauty of the word "refreshment," a study of which word, and an examination on the pictures it should conjure up, would result in wonderful dreams of dainty baskets of food, and, incidentally, in increased railway travelling.

We have, however, first to get our countrymen to see the charm of eating in the train.

He is a queer man who will not talk about the crops, but he is queerer who will not talk about his meals. And, after all, man eats to live, so eating becomes a function of sweet selfish interest, and should be discussed with a humorous solemnity. If it were so discussed openly, frequently, would the refreshment-room luncheon-basket remain long in the land?

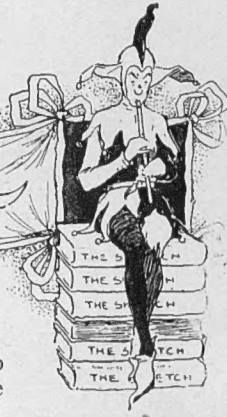
But I must give all praise to those who are introducing the habit of actually serving meals on the train; it causes a number of people to be more pleasant to one another under the flow of a common interest, and it opens the way to great things, things which will make railway journeys dreams of pleasantness instead of nightmares of boredom and indigestion.

After all, there is no more romantic situation than that of travelling companions, and the more one realises the value of romantic situations the better for the hearts of the nation.



THE SHOP OF THE FUTURE: EVERY ATTRACTION FOR CUSTOMERS.

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.



THE CLUBMAN

"TO MEET THE COLONIAL PREMIERS"—DR. YORKE-DAVIES AND FRENCH COOKERY—THE FINNISH LADY M.P.S.

IT is to be "To meet the Colonial Premiers" each and every day onwards to the end of the month. Duchesses and the great political hostesses of both parties, the Pilgrims (whose hospitality, primarily intended for Americans, is so catholic that it includes British Colonials), and other clubs are to entertain them; and in a week's time we shall know whether to hear these Premiers from over the seas make speeches is a bore or a joy. At present there is the attraction of the unknown about these leaders of men. I hope that in a fortnight's time we shall all talk of their brilliancy and their wit and their amiability, and not yawn when the word premier is mentioned.

Dr. Yorke-Davies, the great authority on diet, would have us renounce all the pomps and vanities of the French cuisine and return to good plain English cookery; but to establish his case he contrasts bad French cookery with good English handiwork. Good French cookery is excellent. As the majority of the great French cooks come from the Midi of France, they really carry on the traditions of the Roman cookery, and though there were some dreadful gluttons in ancient Rome, the Roman cookery gave courage to the hearts and filled out the limbs of the finest workers and the finest fighters the world has ever seen. I doubt whether Dr. Yorke-Davies would have the same splendid practice in Paris as he has in London were he to settle in the City of Light, for the real Frenchman does not eat at home what passes for a French dinner in London; and though cheap imitations of anything good are bad, I doubt whether our great authority on diet would find anything blamable in the meals of an ordinary French family.

A roll of bread, some butter, and a cup of coffee and milk; eggs, some plainly cooked meat, or fish on Fridays, a vegetable dish, cheese or fruit, wine and water, and a cup of black coffee; soup, fish, or a bird or meat, a vegetable dish, an entremet, fruit, wine, and coffee—those are the constituents of the well-to-do Frenchman's meals on all

days that are not holidays. On Sundays he lingers over his breakfast in the restaurants, and he probably indulges in a rather rich sauce with his filet de sole or Chateau-briand; but if he does so, his cautious diet for the rest of the week, the two dishes of vegetables he eats daily, his *jour maigre* on Friday,

give him a latitude on Sundays which the Englishman who eats meat all day and every day cannot allow himself. If Dr. Yorke-Davies wishes to ruin his practice, he should teach the cooks in England to cook vegetables in such a way that they may become

as they are in France—sufficiently tasteful to form a course by themselves, and to enable the ordinary Frenchman to dispense with a second meat course. On this matter I am not talking in the air, for I have a haven of refuge in France, where a clever little cook gives me all the dishes of the good *bourgeoise* cuisine. In England, in my own home, my meals are the old British meals, cooked by a good British plain cook. I find that the French mode of life suits me best, and that I am a healthier, more active man when I eat as the French do—two meals a day—than when I eat as the British do—four meals a day.

To be quite fair, if Dr. Yorke-Davies warns us against bad French cookery in England, he should warn the French against bad English cookery in France. Steaks burned at the top and bottom, and crimson and blue within, mutton boiled to rags, Yorkshire pudding of the consistency of a brick, pies with hard bits of apple within and a concrete crust above, mulligatawny which is only curry-powder and water, Irish stew in which the separate ingredients swim in a thin fluid—these are the horrors that a Frenchman trying to study the British cuisine in France encounters, and he wonders why any Englishman ever escapes indigestion and gout.

There are nineteen women M.P.s in the new Finnish Parliament—I withstand the possibilities of punning on the country's name—and the conduct of these ladies, who are of various shades of politics, will be very closely watched by the pro-Suffragettes and anti-Suffragettes in our land. School teachers form the majority of the lady members, and it would seem that the school ma'am is as great a power in Finland as she is in America. Only one women's rights agitator is in the Finnish House. A dressmaker and a restaurant-keeper are amongst the

M.P.s. The dressmaker M.P. will no doubt be able to put pressure on the lady voters of her constituency, but that is their own look-out! The restaurant M.P. is a new terror to suffering humanity. One's barber when he has exhausted the weather and the day's racing sometimes falls back upon politics, and takes advantage of man's state of hopeless subjection in the tonorial chair to air his opinions on matters of



THE DEATH OF OWEN HALL, LTD.:
THE LATE MR. JAMES DAVIS
(OWEN HALL).

Mr. James Davis, better known to the theatre-going public as "Owen Hall," died on Wednesday of last week in his fifty-fourth year. He was the author of many musical comedies—notably "A Gaiety Girl," "An Artist's Model," "The Geisha," "Florodora," "A Greek Slave," "The Girl from Kay's," "Sergeant Brue," and "The Little Cherub." As recently as last autumn he turned himself into a company, under the style of Owen Hall, Ltd., with a capital of £12,000.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

(7) Mr. Fraser. (8) Mr. Newton. (9) Mr. Steele. (10) Mr. Dennee. (11) Mr. Bolton. (12) Mr. Gerstmann.



(1) Mr. Smith. (2) Mr. Pfaff. (3) Mr. Fecke. (4) Mr. Pink. (5) Mr. Harny. (6) Mr. Brearley.

THE MEN WHO HELD THAW'S FATE IN THEIR HANDS: THE JURORS IN THE GREAT THAW TRIAL.

The selecting of the jury for the Thaw trial was exceedingly difficult. In the first place, many shirked the duty and got themselves excused because they did not want to give the necessary time; many others pleaded that they were prejudiced; while others, again, were objected to by the prisoner's counsel. The jury retired at half-past five on Wednesday last, and on the Thursday morning it was said that they were hopelessly divided.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

state; but the waiter and the waitress, who have man equally in their power, never spoil a meal and lose a tip by such gaucherie. If votes for women mean politics at meals I am dead against suffrage for serving-wench.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



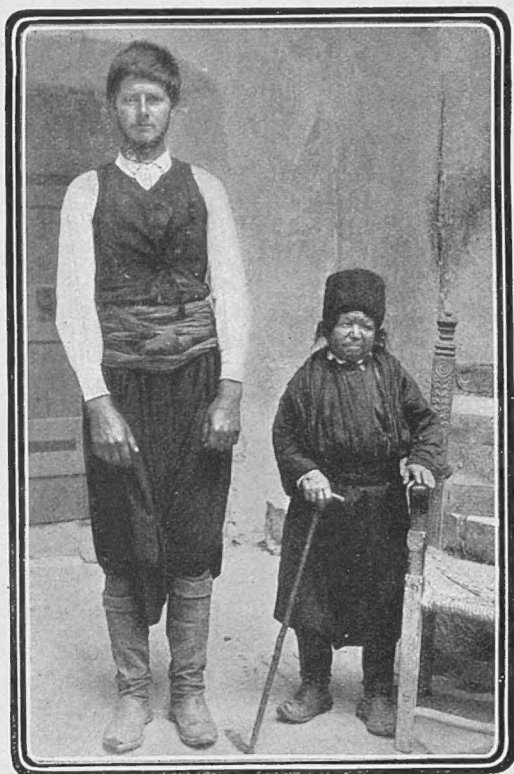
THE DWELLING-PLACE OF A DESCENDANT OF PEGGOTTY? THE BOAT IN WHICH A SEAMAN LIVES AT MINEHEAD.

The small boat, which is kept on the beach at Minehead, has been covered with canvas, and a seaman has lived in it for some two years. Several attempts have been made to induce him to dwell under a roof, but they have been without avail, and the authorities differ as to whether he can be evicted.



A MANUFACTURER OF PLUM-BRANDY WHO LIVES IN A BOAT IN ORDER TO SPITE MANKIND.

The eccentric whose portrait we give is a Servian, and was a manufacturer of plum-brandy. He held a monopoly, of which King Peter's Government deprived him. This so enraged him that he stopped business, vowing that his capital should no longer be of assistance to labour.



A SIXTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD PIGMY MONK.

Our photograph gives the portrait of one who is probably the only dwarf monk in the world. He is sixty-five years old, but age does not seem to trouble him, and despite the occasional trouble caused him by his lack of inches, he is particularly happy.



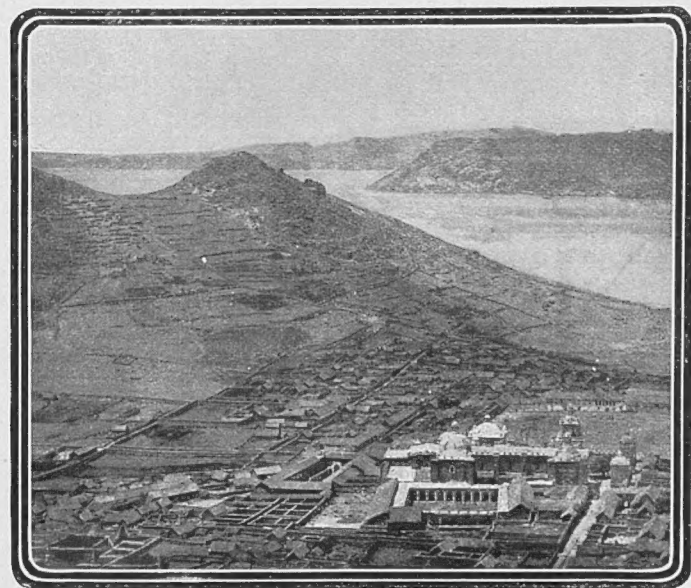
TROUSERS AS A SIGN OF SERVITUDE.

In Persia woman is held in little esteem, and it has been said with some truth that to wear her dress is to be a slave.



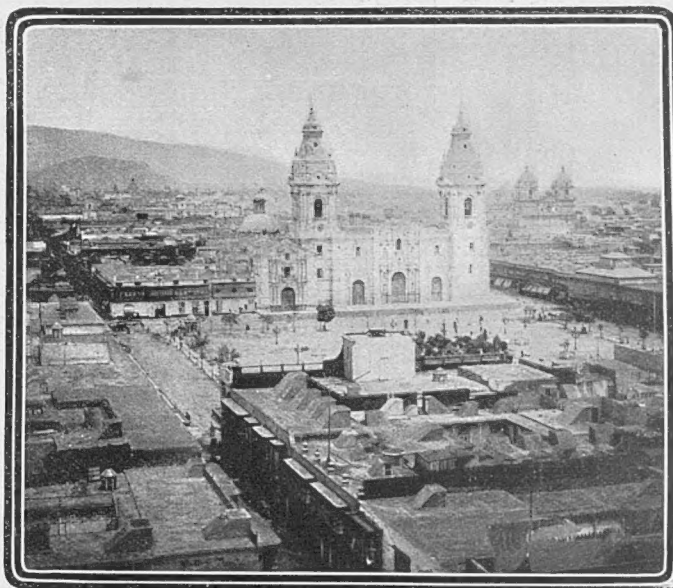
THE QUEEN WHO HAS JUST TAKEN HER ANNUAL STATE BATH.

The Queen of Madagascar has a state bath once a year. She is escorted to a richly decorated tent, and while she is performing her ablutions prayers are said, guns are fired, and drums are beaten.



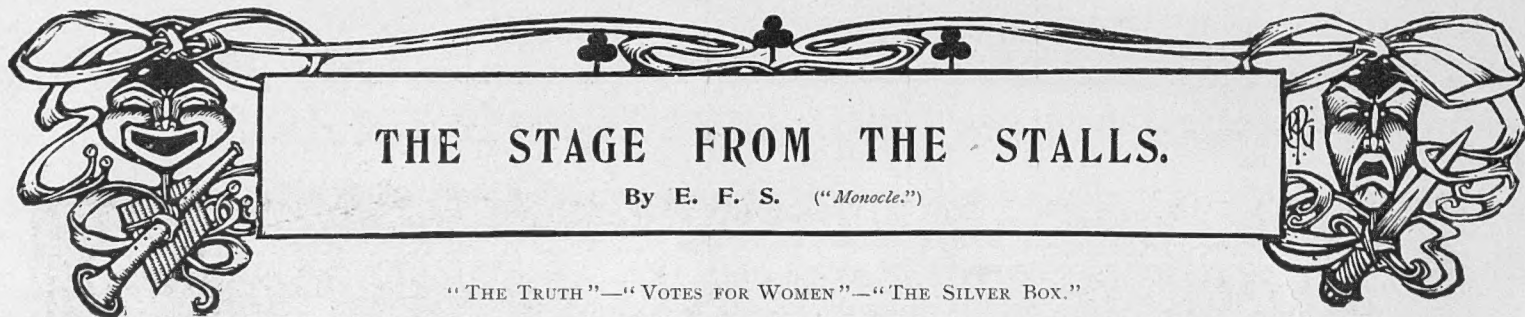
WATER IN WHICH IRON WILL NOT RUST.

The waters of Lake Titicaca, South America, are remarkable in that iron will not rust in them. Articles made of the metal may be placed in the lake, and allowed to remain there for weeks or months at a time. On being removed, they will be found as fresh as they were on the day they came from the foundry.



A CATHEDRAL AS A MENAGERIE.

Every year, on All Souls' Day, domestic animals are taken to a special service in the Cathedral at Lima, to be blessed by the priest, and the church becomes for the time being a veritable menagerie. At the end of the ceremony most of the animals are handed over to the priests.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE TRUTH"—"VOTES FOR WOMEN"—"THE SILVER BOX."

TO see two such works within forty-eight hours as Mr. Fitch's play and Mr. Galsworthy's comedy is unfortunate—for the former. The American piece, with its proud name, "The Truth," is written from inside the theatre, and "The Silver Box" from outside. Knowledge of drama enables one to guess what is likely to happen in "The Truth"; acquaintance with life tells us the probable course of "The Silver Box." The latter has been condemned as photographic, but a nicely contrived photograph

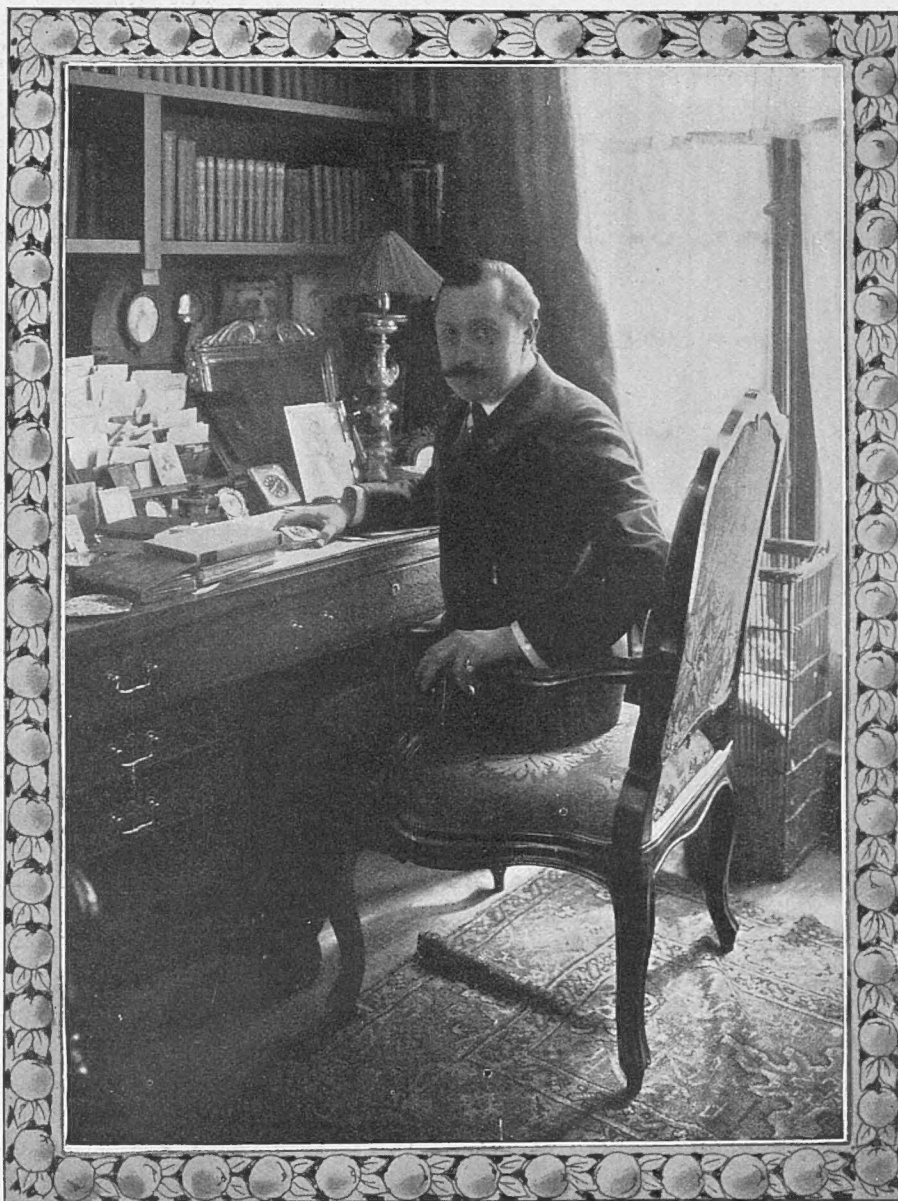
may be a better work of art than a chromo-lithograph, and one cannot rate the drama at the Comedy any higher. Perhaps "chromo-lithograph" is a little unjust towards one half, at least, of Mr. Fitch's piece, which is comedy, quite conventional comedy, and there is a fair amount of freshness in the other half. Plenty of people when watching plays professing to be modern comedies expect and desire a theatrical treatment, which seems to them better than a representation of life itself; vaguely they have the idea that to be untruthful is to be imaginative, and we all pretend to love the imaginative. In "The Truth" we have a charming piece of human rubbish presented idealistically—I prefer to say, flatteringly: Becky has her prettiness and her puzzling charm, and no sense of honour, honesty, or truth. At heart she is quite as mean as any of the people in "The Silver Box," and her husband is a fool, an uninteresting fool, and her would-be lover an unpleasant bounder; but, of course, everything is supposed to end happily, and it is assumed that Becky will change her spots, and her husband will be confident of the truthfulness of his little philandering Sapphira. Certainly there is a good deal of cleverness in Mr. Fitch's piece. The dialogue is lively, there are some telling scenes, and several of the parts act very well.

Becky, heroine of "The Truth," was presented brilliantly by Miss Marie Tempest. Her performance suffers a little from the fact that the part is rather over-coloured by the author. However, the play is quite alive whenever she is upon the boards. That she is entitled to the term genius, used by some, may be disputed, but her work is vastly clever, and it may be doubted whether we have any other actress who could realise so successfully the dramatist's ideas. Miss Rosina Filippi, who represents a comic landlady, is an actress of highest quality; she was very amusing in a fine comic performance of an almost needless part. Mr. Dion Boucicault—as an Eccles, or, if you wished, you might mention a dozen other popular characters—played very skilfully, and some of his touches were quite remarkable. Miss Grace Lane acted very well as the jealous wife, a most ungrateful part.

Miss Elizabeth Robins's Suffrage play at the Court Theatre is a production which people will receive with enthusiasm, or disapproval, or growls, that have nothing whatever to do with its artistic value. Yet as a pure work of art it is a thing of quite unusual merit. There are faults in its construction, and it is marked by the formlessness generally found in plays by social reformers—the works of M. Bricux, for example; but it is full of humour and observation, and the dialogue is unforced and natural. Miss Robins has the gift of putting actual life upon the stage. Above all, it is a play which comes straight from the heart. The general public will admire most the extraordinary and realistic imitation of a meeting in Trafalgar Square, where the Suffragists and the Labour orator are portrayed with delightful pathos and humour by Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Dorothy Minto, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn; and the crowd, with its ribaldry and its interruptions, is as good as it well could be—or better. The real beauty of the play lies in Miss Wynne-Matthison's magnificent study of the woman, once betrayed by a man, who has devoted her life with a passionate indignation to the cause of helpless woman. As an argument in favour of votes for women the play will convince no opponent; as a picture of a woman's soul it is little short of wonderful in its beauty.

Really it is remarkable that the Court Theatre should be able to present during the day two works so heavy as "Votes for Women" and "The Silver Box," each involving a very complicated scene. For Mr. Galsworthy's play has a mass of quiet, truthful, silent byplay

by a number of characters during its startlingly life-like police-court scene, in which, by the way, Mr. Athol Forde, acts very ably as the magistrate. The only player of importance who appears in both works is Mr. Edmund Gwenn, and his two tasks, admirably performed, are not very heavy. Those who keep grumbling about the dearth of competent players should spend a half-day at this theatre, and watch not only the acting in Miss Robins's dramatic tract but also the delicately humorous work of Mr. A. E. Matthews as a young prodigal, and the admirable acting of Mr. James Hearn as his unconsciously hypocritical father; Miss Frances Ivor, the embodiment of self-complacent Philistinism; Mr. Norman McKinnel, vivid representative of a brute with a spark of manhood left in him; Miss Nora Greenlaw, very touching as the persecuted Mrs. Jones; and Mr. Trevor Lowe, perfect as a detective. One need hardly despair with a single theatre able to show two such performances in a day.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE TRUTH": MR. CLYDE FITCH.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE AUTHOR OF "THE TRUTH":
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT!



1. ONE OF THE SALONS IN MR. CLYDE FITCH'S HOUSE.

2. MR. CLYDE FITCH'S BED-ROOM.

Mr. Clyde Fitch, the well-known dramatist and author, whose new comedy "The Truth" has just been produced, has not yet scored a big success in England, but that he has made playwriting pay exceedingly well is certain. Witness the photographs given above. Mr. Fitch's house is at 113, East Fortieth Street, New York.

Photographs by Byron.

SMALL TALK



AN UNCROWNED QUEEN OF GLASGOW:
LADY BELL, WIFE OF SIR JAMES BELL,
EX-LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW.

Photograph by Lafayette, Glasgow.

so large a share of her husband's many duties. It was during Sir James's civic rule that he was called upon to entertain the Shahzada, and a brilliant ball was given by the Lord Provost and his wife in that potentate's honour. Lady Bell was Miss Helen Findlay before her marriage; she is by birth a Lanarkshire woman, and thus is admirably suited to become the helpmeet of such a man as is the present Lord Lieutenant of Glasgow county. She is a woman of many activities—religious, social, and general—and she shares her husband's and son's enthusiastic love of the sea and of yachting.

The Irresistible Moustache. A moustache or no moustache? That is the question the French journal *Femina* has posed to its fair readers. We hasten to explain that *Femina* did not propose to give women moustaches as well as the vote, and only asked for their opinion on the moustache as an appanage of man. The majority of ladies who read our interesting contemporary have plumped for the moustache. It is so nice to be tickled. That is not the

ALTHOUGH there are several ladies who share Lady Bell's name and title, there is in Scotland but one Lady Bell, and that is the wife of Sir James Bell, the uncrowned king of Glasgow. At the time Sir James was Lord Provost for the city for which he has done so much, his charming and accomplished wife entertained both great and lowly on a magnificent scale, and it was well said that no chief magistrate's wife had ever before taken



A GREAT ATHLETE OF THE FUTURE?
MASTER STEPHEN FRY, ELDEST SON
OF MR. C. B. FRY, STANDING UP
TO HIS FATHER'S BOWLING.

Photograph by Halfstones.

reason alleged, but we suspect it, all the same. The moustache is the sign and symbol of virility; it animates masculine features, and is characteristically French. These are the reasons avowed by the pro-moustachers for the faith that is in them. Those who like the smooth face of the Englishman and American give as their reason that it is more *chic*. Well, well, it is a question of taste.

An Ascot Hostess. Lady Teynham, who is mistress of Ravensdale House, one of the most delightful places near Ascot, was Miss Mabel Green-Wilkinson, a cousin of Lord Bateman, and her marriage to the latter-day descendant of Sir Thomas More was one of the smartest matrimonial events of 1895. Lord and Lady Teynham have two sons, the elder of whom bears the somewhat unusual Christian name of Christopher.

Permanent Secretary of the Admiralty.

The new Permanent Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Charles Inigo Thomas, C.B., who recently succeeded Sir Evan MacGregor, entered the Secretary's Department of the Admiralty in June of 1865. Twenty years later, having in the interval served as Private Secretary to Admiral Hood, afterwards Lord Hood of Avalon, and Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, he was appointed a Principal Clerk, and

took charge of that branch of the secretariat which deals with the administration of Naval Law. Eleven years later he became head of the branch devoted to secret and political matters affecting the Navy, including the disposition of his Majesty's ships. Five years ago he added to the duties of the office just mentioned the work of Assistant Secretary, and, of course, acted for the Secretary in that official's absence from the office on duty or on leave.

A Double Record. Because the King of Sweden has more than once temporarily handed over the reins of Government to the Crown Prince, it has been deemed feasible enough to report that the Tsar contemplates abdication and a regency. That has answered in Serbia; it has to answer still in Bavaria; it would have had to serve in Bulgaria, too, had Prince Ferdinand felt compelled to seek safety in that yacht which he so long kept with steam up, in case of emergency. But the case is different in Russia. When all the truth comes to be told, as some day perhaps it will, we shall learn that abdication was



MR. CHARLES INIGO THOMAS, C.B.,
THE NEW PERMANENT SECRETARY OF
THE ADMIRALTY.

Photograph by Vandyk.



AN ASCOT HOSTESS: LADY TEYNHAM.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A NOTED DINNER HOSTESS: MRS. LESLIE MELVILLE.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

Mrs. Leslie Melville. Mrs. Leslie Melville, a bride of two years ago, is already noted among the successful dinner hostesses. Her husband is nearly related both to the young Earl of Leven and Melville and to Viscount Middleton.

STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS.

VIII.—THE PESSIMISTIC PORKER.



"AS GRUMPY AS A PIG."



A PRETTY DÉBUTANTE OF THIS YEAR:
THE HON. GRACE RIDLEY.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

bonds which unite our country to Spain, and yet they have been enjoying their favourite form of holiday—that is, a voyage on the royal yacht. It is thought possible that the King may extend his Mediterranean tour as far as Greece. There our Sovereign and his Consort will find a warm welcome, for England, since the days of Byron, has always been very popular in the land of Homer, which now has, it will be remembered, her Majesty's favourite brother as Sovereign. Meanwhile, Malta is enjoying the prospect of entertaining King Edward and Queen Alexandra in right loyal fashion.

The Hon. Grace Ridley. Miss Grace Ridley is among the most interesting of this year's débutantes, for she is niece to Lady Aberdeen, whom she greatly resembles in appearance and character, and she has already seen something of the world at the Irish Vice-regal Court. Miss Ridley is closely connected with both our great political parties; her father was one of the ablest Home Secretaries the Conservatives have ever had; her brother, the present Peer, is a leading Tariff Reformer. On the other hand she is a niece of Lord Tweedmouth, and when with her aunt, Lady Aberdeen, she is necessarily thrown a good deal with Liberal politicians.

To-Morrow's Wedding. Many well-known Londoners will gather to-morrow at St. George's, Hanover Square, to grace the bridal of Mr. Edgar Sheppard and Miss Isabelle Hastings.



MR. EDGAR SHEPPARD, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS ISABELLE HASTINGS TAKES PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Photograph by Thomson.

CROWNS · CORONETS · & COURTIER

THE King combines business and pleasure in a way many humbler mortals must envy him, while Queen Alexandra has retained a youthful zest in everything that appertains to sightseeing and to making acquaintance with new faces and places. During the last few days their Majesties have strengthened the

Meysey-Thompson and the latter's slightly younger sister, who comes out this year. As Lady Meysey-Thompson, this twentieth-century Peeress was one of the most beautiful of Yorkshire *grandes dames*, and she has transmitted not a little of her personal charm to her daughters, the youngest of whom is only four years old. Miss Violet



MISS ISABELLE HASTINGS, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. EDGAR SHEPPARD TAKES PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

Photograph by Thomson.

The bridegroom is the son of that devoted friend and servant of royalty, the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal and new Canon of Windsor; and the popular bride is the daughter of Dr. Hastings, of Albemarle Street. Mr. Edgar Sheppard is in the 19th Hussars, so the wedding will have a military as well as a clerical and medical flavour.

The Hon. Violet Meysey-Thompson.

Among this season's great hostesses and ball-givers, Lady Knaresborough will play an important part, for she is now chaperoning two pretty daughters, Miss Violet

a vote took a more intelligent interest in the questions of the day than those who had no such privilege. The British Suffragette, professional and amateur, will rise and call Sir Joseph blessed—maybe ask him to attend their breakfasts to released martyrs. Miss Ward thoroughly enjoys all sides of social life, and she and Lady Ward left very pleasant memories of themselves among their fellow-passengers on board the *Mongolia*, for they were the heart and soul of the various entertainments that were organised on the P. and O. liner which conveyed the distinguished party from Wellington to Marseilles.



A PRETTY DÉBUTANTE OF LAST YEAR:
THE HON. VIOLET MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

Miss Violet Meysey-Thompson was for long the recognised belle of the children's parties which enlivened old-world Mayfair each season. All Lord Knaresborough's daughters are devoted to the country and to country life, and they are popular with both rich and poor in the neighbourhood of their Yorkshire home, Kirby Hall.

The Daughter of New Zealand's Premier.

Quite a number of the Colonial Premiers are accompanied on their visit here for the Conference by their wives and daughters, and among the latter not the least interesting is Miss Ward, whose father, Sir Joseph Ward, is one of the most remarkable statesmen of Greater Britain, and the successor, in more senses than one, of the lamented "Dick" Seddon. Miss Ward is a delightful specimen of young Colonial womanhood, and those English folk who have already had the privilege of meeting her and her mother thoroughly understand why Sir Joseph is such a believer in Female Suffrage, for when questioned on the burning topic of the hour, the Premier of New Zealand, speaking from his country's thirteen years' experience of Women's Suffrage, declared that his women voters had done much towards improving the social conditions of the country, and, further, that he had noticed that women having



THE DAUGHTER OF NEW ZEALAND'S PREMIER, MISS WARD, WHO IS VISITING THIS COUNTRY WITH HER FATHER.

Photograph by Mills.

"I OUGHT TO THINK MYSELF A LUCKY GIRL, I KNOW, 'COS I'M ENGAGED."



MISS VESTA VICTORIA, WHOSE RUMOURED ENGAGEMENT TO MR. BERT COOPER, OF NEW YORK, IS DENIED.

It was stated a few days ago that Miss Vesta Victoria, the well-known music-hall comédienne, was engaged to Mr. Bert Cooper, a gentleman who is largely interested in American vaudeville, but this was denied on Friday last. To Miss Victoria belongs much of the credit of making English music-hall artists popular in America. For her recent engagement in New York she received a salary of £500 a week, and she scored an enormous success with "There was I Waiting at the Church." She was Miss Victoria Lawrence, and is a sister of Lawrence Barclay. She married Mr. Fred McAvoy, but the marriage was annulled three or four years ago, Miss Victoria being the petitioner. The line at the top of our page is the opening line of "There was I Waiting at the Church," which we quote as being singularly inappropriate to the occasion!—[Photographs by Campbell-Gray.]



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Joke that Failed.

A society of Chinese, whose members carry out murders economically and with dispatch, has hit upon an amiable plan whereby, should one of the band be so unfortunate as to run foul of the law, his insurance money is sent to his widow. This sounds rather like a joke that failed, though the great Sothern was its author. Ambling on to the stage in his Dundreary way, he discovered a young lady reading a book. She told him that her author affirmed that certain Chinese, condemned to death, could, by a money payment, procure substitutes, who underwent the punishment for them. "Can this be true?" she asked. "Perfectly," answered Sothern; "my

fee is two guineas," and the other had declared himself glad to pay it. It is to be hoped that he derived two guineas' worth of hope from each of the great man's visits.

Where Were the Children?

Possibly the spotted fever epidemic is responsible. That or something else has directed discerning eyes to some very old records of the Foundling Hospital, records in which it is told how in old days they made safe the way and health of the nameless ones. The search has yielded a pearl of price, which bears an eighteenth-century date, and runs as follows: "It having been reported that a number of the children at present in the Hospital are suffering from a serious skin disease, and that this tends to lower the standard of health of the children; Resolved that the clothing of all such children be placed for three hours each day in the oven—*after the bread is drawn.*" Could hygienic considerations go further?

The Way of Putting It.

The other day an aged woman, whose burden of years and feebleness seems to have rendered it impossible for her to give the necessary attention to a child who had died in her care, was admonished kindly but with firmness by the coroner. This, he told her, is not an age for the unskilled handy-woman, no matter how good her intentions. In the sensational autobiography which Madame Sacher-Maschosi is now publishing in the *Mercur de France* there appears a handy-woman of a different order, who figured for a while in the life of the author of "The Legacy of Cain." She had been the mother of nine children, each of whom died at a very early age. But her contemporaries did not chide her. They



THE SKIN OF THE CHICKEN IS INTRODUCED INTO THE BOTTLE BY MEANS OF A SMALL STICK, IN SUCH A WAY THAT IT FORMS A LINING TO THE BOTTLE.

brother Sam is intimately acquainted with some of the Chinese who get their living by it." There was one gurgle of laughter from an ancient in the stalls; for the rest the house was mute, and the joke died that night.

The Pearl-Button Cure.

If a patient believe in his doctor, it may not greatly affect him if alcohol be missing from the prescription, no matter what the famous manifesto says. Told that it contains alcohol, the confiding sufferer will find faith supply that which the physic lacks. Faith is a wonderful restorer, as a young lady at the theatre found. Just after the curtain went up, and the lights were lowered, she complained of feeling faint. Her companion, a young doctor, took something from his waistcoat pocket. "Here is a tablet," he said, "suck it, but don't swallow it." She popped the pellet into her mouth, and found it so hard that it would not dissolve. She felt much better from its effects, and retained it in her mouth till the close of the performance. Then she examined the insoluble pellet. It was a mother-of-pearl shirt-button.

Life and Hope.

The faith in us lives on, though the doctors give us up. Sir Morell Mackenzie had patients who believed in him even when he had declared them hopeless. Into a certain drawing-room strode the specialist to see a patient whom his future biographer was visiting. "Taken your medicine?" asked Mackenzie. "Yes," answered the other. "Very well; good-bye," said the doctor, at the same time receiving his fee of two guineas. "Wasn't that rather sharp practice?" asked his friend, as they descended the stairs. "Not at all," said Mackenzie. "I told that man a fortnight ago that he would die in three weeks, that nothing could save him, that the only alleviation I could afford him would be from the medicine which I had prescribed. 'Very well,' said he. 'Then I want you, all the same, to visit me every day till I die.'" Mackenzie had answered, "Well, you know my



THE CHICKEN IS BONED AND THE FLESH IS PRESSED INTO THE BOTTLE BY THE THUMB. THE WHOLE IS THEN WARMED IN A VESSEL IMMERSED IN BOILING WATER.

PASSING A CHICKEN THROUGH A BOTTLE: MAKING A GALANTINE.

Photographs by the Photo H.C.

called her "a maker of angels."

An Impossible Chancellor.

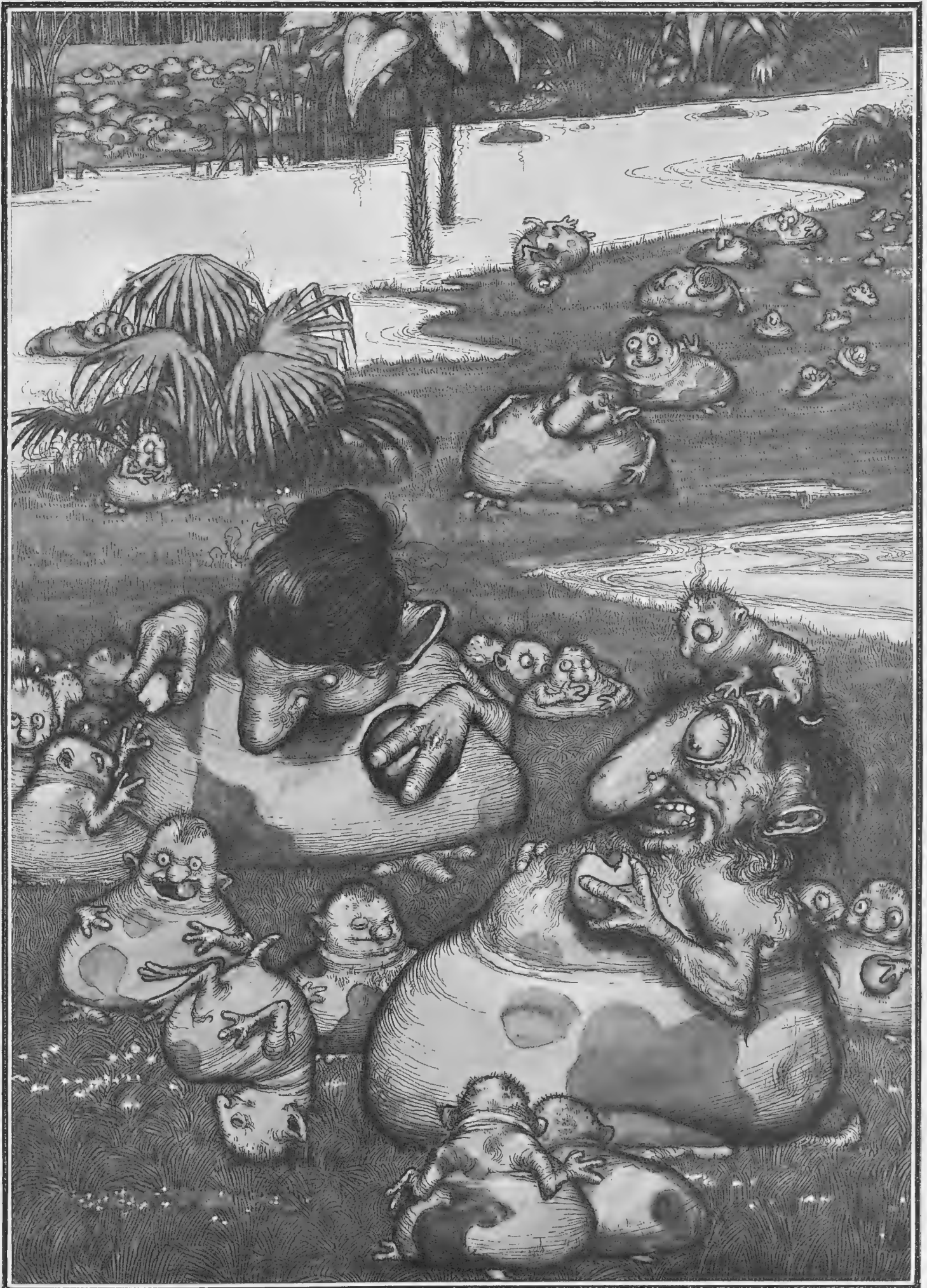
To-morrow the Budget, and then excursions and alarums throughout the financial service of the country. If the time be an anxious one for Mr. Asquith and the Government for which he speaks and acts, it is no less anxious for the lesser officers of the Crown of whom we never hear. Far remote from Whitehall the lesser men—kings of minute domains—feel all the weight of Empire upon their shoulders in giving effect to the changes which each Budget necessitates. Great was the terror of the little men in the days of Gladstone's Chancellorship. One of these went wearily to his superior after a Gladstonian Budget which touched taxation at many points. "Sir," he said, "my old head is worn out. I must resign. The Chancellor, Sir, is imposing of things I can't understand." By a miracle the country survived this blow, and lives to await to-morrow's.



THE COOKING COMPLETE, THE BOTTOM OF THE BOTTLE IS CUT AWAY, AND THE CHICKEN IS SHAKEN OUT IN THE FORM OF A GALANTINE.

"THE SKETCH" THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN AND EVOLVED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE IV.—THE CORPULENDRON.

Found moving among the adipose tissues of the Gourmetic Age.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE general public is probably unaware that it owes the introduction of the District Messenger-Boy Service to Mr. E. H. Sothern, who, with Miss Julia Marlowe, will open at the Waldorf Theatre next Monday. Some twenty years ago, when Mr. Sothern had made a great success in New York in a play called "The Highest Bidder," he was one of the favoured comedians of the day, known also, like his father before him, as the instigator of practical jokes and a man who could readily put a new idea into effect. After the two-hundredth performance of the play in New York, Mr. Sothern thought of sending a personal message to the two authors, Mr. Maddison Morton and Mr. Robert Reece, who then lived in London, to congratulate them on the success of their work in America. The District Messenger Service had at that time just been inaugurated in New York. Mr. Sothern rang for a messenger in the usual way, and when the boy arrived asked whether he could take a letter to London. Nothing daunted even then, the boy replied in the affirmative. Arrangements were immediately made for his unhesitating departure on the steamer which left on the following day. The boy duly arrived in London and delivered his message. Naturally, the matter got into the newspapers, and the feat attracted a good deal of attention, finally resulting in the establishment of the service here.

Mr. Sothern's scheme has been used by other public men, for Mr. Richard Harding Davis sent a boy from New York to London a few years ago, while, during the South African War, some thousands of school children in Philadelphia despatched a boy to South Africa to present President Kruger with an address.



TO TOUR IN "MEDECIA OF THE THIRD SECTION,"
MISS EUNICE BEAUCLAIRE.

"Medecia of the Third Section," a sensational Russian sketch by Percival H. T. Sykes, produced by Thomas J. Noble, was recently presented on the music-hall stage with considerable success. Miss Beauclaire is to tour London and the provinces in it.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

of playing it. Miss Marlowe and I, in our productions, are guided solely by what the plays mean to us—not by what they meant to others. We give as careful and thorough study to them, I am sure, as did any of our predecessors, and then we present

them from our point of view." Following out this idea, it will be found that their version of "The Taming of the Shrew" is acted in a purely farcical fashion.

That any of Mr. Barrie's work, and particularly "Little Mary," should be capable of being regarded as "suggestive" seems incredible. That, however, was the experience in Australia of Miss Winifred Fraser, who recently made her reappearance in Mr. Granville Barker's "experiment in verse," "A Miracle." Miss Fraser, who before she went away was frequently called "the English Reichenberg," because she was to the London stage what the great ingénue was to the Théâtre Français, made a considerable success as the heroine of "Quality Street," and as Little Mary. Some people, both in Australia and New Zealand, gravely assured her that they found a double meaning in nearly every line of the latter play—and accordingly went to see it very frequently.

Mr. Walter Howard, the author of "Her Love Against the World," at the Lyceum, has been writing provincial dramas for rather more than ten years, and—*absit omen*—has never had a failure. His first play, "The Wearing of the Green," was produced on Aug. 1, 1896, and is still running. His youth must have been an inspiring one for play-writing, for he lived in Stratford-on-Avon, in the same street as Shakespeare did, and went to the same school. He has had an adventurous career, for he has been a soldier, a sailor, a lighterman on the Queensland coast, and a stock-rider on a cattle-station. The people who believe that London audiences are blasé would meet with a direct denial from Mr. Howard, for the wonderful enthusiasm of the Lyceum audiences exceeds anything he has ever heard in the provinces. The thing which probably amuses him most in connection with the production has been the fact that many of the critics criticised the supers adversely and suggested that it would be better to employ men who looked like soldiers. The joke of the thing is that all the supers are Foot Guards from Wellington Barracks, thus proving that a soldier off the stage cannot always act the soldier on it.

In connection with this play Mr. Howard tells an amusing story. When it was first produced in Manchester last September a pale, anæmic-looking youth of about nineteen stopped him as he was leaving the stage door one day and asked if he was speaking to Mr. Howard. When assured that he was he said, "I've made up my mind to go on the stage." "Oh," replied the author, and noticing the youth's utter unfitness for the profession, asked what he was doing at the present time, intending to advise him to stick to it, whatever it was. "I am an assistant at the pawbroker's over the way," said the stage aspirant. "What do your people say about your going on the stage?" the author asked. "Oh," replied the youth jauntily, "they're right against it, but I wouldn't mind the disgrace myself."



CIGARETTES AT £3200 A PACKET!
GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

A queer story from Rome runs that the famous poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, was recently offered £3200 to deliver a series of lectures in South America, and that he telegraphed in answer to this offer: "I was disposed to cross the Atlantic, but not for a packet of cigarettes. Thanks all the same. (Signed) Gabriele." It need hardly be remarked that the answer is said to have caused some amazement and a good deal of amusement. It may be remarked, in connection with d'Annunzio, that yet another story has it that he has been in trouble with spirits called up at spiritualistic séances he has been attending. It is said that the spooks were not at all kind to him, making disparaging statements about him and his work which, it is believed, he is about to contradict.

Photograph by Guigoni and Rossi.

ANOTHER AMERICAN - MARKET SCARE.



THE DEPARTING FRIEND: Come away, Mac, and I'll stand you a drink before we go home.

THE MCUSQUEBAGH (who has already had several white gleaming news from the "ticker"): Impossible, dear boy. Go 'way. Can't you see 'm in the coils of 'n'mous boa-conshtrector?

DRAWN BY S. BAGOT DE LA BERE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MATTHEW ARNOLD is quoted in a lady's new book of Recollections as saying that all the talent of the Arnold family had gone to the children of his brother Tom. This was before Mrs. Humphry Ward began to wear down a hundred pens, and may therefore be taken as a rather fine instance of Uncle Matt's prevision. But there is a sequel, which we may venture to supply. When Tom's daughter did write a book, and Uncle Matt read it, the remark he made was this: "No Arnold ever could write a novel; if any Arnold could, I should have written one myself."

"Mr. Swinburne's New Tragedy" was the line of a poster of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the afternoon of the poet's seventieth birthday. To be seventy and Mr. Swinburne is the real tragedy; and, considering the disappointments his later volumes offer, it is a pity indeed that he gives us any other. Birthday praises are, perhaps, chartered liberties; otherwise the heading, "Our Greatest Poet," in one daily paper, might set the readers of Mr. George Meredith's poetry a-thinking. Because a man is a great novelist, he should not be forgotten as the great poet that he is. If fine judges of poetry were asked what they would prefer to have written of all the poetry of the day, Mr. Meredith's sequence of sonnets entitled "Modern Love" and his "Love in a Valley" would, so far as the present writer's experience goes, be the prevalent choice. Many allusions have been made to the change of sentiment which forty years have effected in the popular attitude towards Mr. Swinburne. No doubt; but the mere fact that such foolish plays upon his name as Sinburne and Swineborn have been discarded by critics does not necessarily mean that we care less than our fathers did about the decencies of life. "The Angel in the House," which was just completed when Mr. Swinburne's career began, is still presented to brides rather than the poetry of promiscuity in love. *Poeta nascitur*, said Rossetti (no prude) of Swinburne, but *non fit* for publication; and that is a verdict which serious people have not set aside. They are "Philistines," of course, but Philistines in the company of Rossetti, and of that other great warrior against Philistinism himself, Matthew Arnold.

Mr. Choate, who knew Mrs. Craigie when he was American Ambassador in London, has written an ardent "appreciation" which Mr. Fisher Unwin has bound up with her last novel, "The Dream and the Business." But there is one point, surely, on which Mr. Choate proves himself to be a little fatuous. "If," he says, "George Eliot had died at thirty-eight the world would hardly have heard of her as a novelist at all." The fact is undeniable. George Eliot did not publish novels till she was nearly forty; but had she begun, like Mrs. Craigie, when she was only about half that age—that is the situation on which the comparison, if it is to be made at

all, should obviously be based. Age is an irrelevance when we are concerned with the work of ages.

The primrose, which is the flower of the month, has had plenty of representation in literature, from the days when the drunken porter in "Macbeth" talked of "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire"; and elsewhere Shakespeare's "pale primrose" that dies unmarried is at least mated to the "rathe primrose" of Milton. But it is not the poets who have brought the primrose into our

streets; it is the politician. He, too, had two allusions in his writings to this favourite flower. In one he praises it for a salad, in the other he likens to a tuft of primroses the dish of poached eggs brought to Coningsby in a wayside inn when he was walking to the home of Lord Henry Sidney. Those eggs must have been a good deal off colour.

Mr. W. L. Vernon Harcourt may not have any hereditary love for Lord Rosebery. He resembles him, however, in his love for the study of history, and in his power of making a clear presentment of any phase of it which he may study. Very soon he will publish a volume to be entitled "His Grace the Steward and the Trial of Peers"—a book which is not a novel, as might at first sight be supposed, nor yet any allusion to the Peers upon their trial at this moment. Mr. Harcourt tells the story of the origin and development of the Stewardship of England, and deals with the old procedure of the trial of Peers of the realm. Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt would himself have been a Peer had his father cared to take the Coronation Peerage that was offered him; but the House of Commons is, perhaps, a better field for the display of his rare love of fun, and now that he is a Cabinet Minister he

can have a hand in making Peers—perhaps a good many of them!—instead of being one himself. Once when Disraeli attended a banquet at which there were Dukes and Marquesses, who fled out of the dining-room before him, he whispered into the ear of his neighbour, "I shall be making some of those next week."

Mr. Bertram Dobell, who has re-discovered Treherne, a poet ranking at his best with Henry Vaughan, and who has done an almost equally good turn to Strode, is now making ready an announcement concerning Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia." He has discovered a manuscript containing passages omitted in all the printed editions. By these discoveries in old domains, and also by his own poems and the protection he afforded to the author of "The City of Dreadful Night," Mr. Dobell has revived the literary glories, rather faded in late years, of second-hand bookselling. His main shop in Charing Cross Road is a treasure-house of fine editions; and the supplementary shop on the other side of the way, with its ideal custodian, is the favourite haunt for book-lovers.

M. E.



RESIDENT (cheerfully): Yes, that was a tidy fish I took out of 'ere yesterday - weighed fifty pound.
VISITOR (dryly): Ah, that's what made the pond shrink, I suppose.

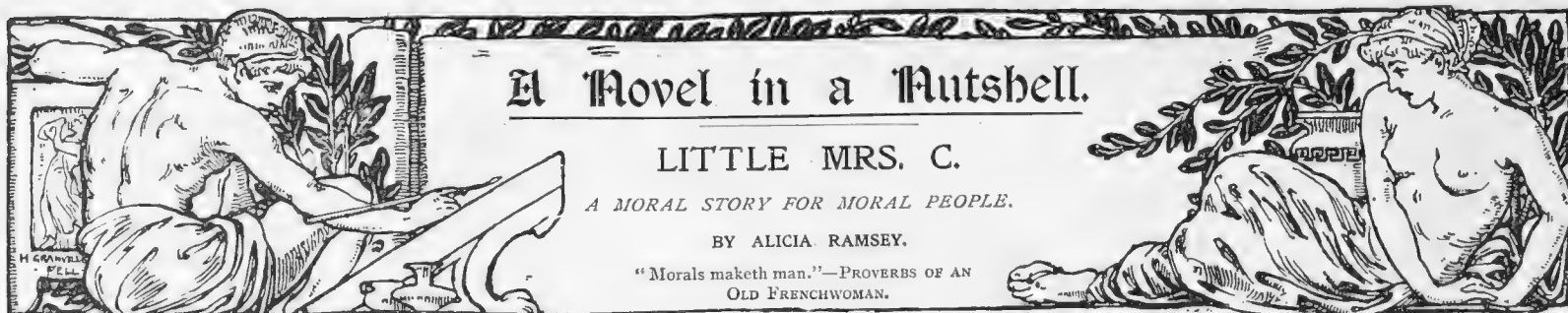
DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

OUR BRAINY BOYS !



AUBREY : Look here, old chap, let me give you a piece of my mind.
PERCIVAL : Won't it be robbing you, dear boy ?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THIS is a moral story. That is to say, this is a story with a moral. It's the same thing, with this difference: that for the one person who can't write the one you'll find a dozen who can't write the other. I am the one—which is only another way of saying that, though my stories are not beyond price, my morals are above suspicion.

This moral little story is about Little Mrs. C. Little Mrs. C. is the most moral woman in the world. This is not so tall an order as it seems. At the school where Little Mrs. C. learnt geography the world was London, and London was anything you please within three minutes of Park Lane. This narrows the circle of my proposition considerably, and brings it well within the radius of anybody's cab fare, moral or otherwise. This, however, by the way, cab fares having nothing to do with morality.

Little Mrs. C. is a small person who stands five feet high when she's wearing extra high-heeled shoes. Her real name is—but what matter? As she herself says, the title she loves best (and she has the pick of Debrett to choose from) is Little Mrs. C. If you want to know who gave her this name you'd better ask her godfathers and godmothers, who did for her then according to the Catechism. If you want to know why they gave her this name you'd better ask Mr. Gibbons, the gentleman who did not write history.

It is a beautiful thought, as Little Mrs. C. sometimes says, "to think that possibly the ancient Romans used to call Cæsar's wife Little Mrs. C. for the same reason. It seems in some prehistoric way to connect one with that highly moral, if unfortunate, family."

Little Mrs. C. is an orphan. That is to say, her mother is dead, and her father *moralis indexus expurgatorius est*, as they used to say in Ancient Rome. Little Mrs. C. says this makes her trebly an orphan. I don't quite know what this means, but when she says it and looks up at you like a sorrowful child, it makes you feel as if you'd like to go and sit in a dark corner with a pretty girl and talk over your uncommitted sins and have a good cry. Little Mrs. C. says she'd like to have a good cry too, but it's against her principles to be hard on anything, and crying is dreadfully hard on the eyes.

One of Little Mrs. C.'s eyes belongs to her father, the other belongs to her mother. Her mother was a saint; her father was a sinner. It depends on which eye you happen to look into whether you consider Little Mrs. C. to be a sinner or a saint. Most people happen to look into both at the same time, which is apt—at least, so they tell me—to make them see things from quite a different point of view. They generally make this remark the day after Little Mrs. C., who has looked at them without seeing them for a century or two, has suddenly asked them to tea.

Little Mrs. C. lives in a very large flat in a very tall house near—well, near enough to wherever one is to be always thousands of miles too far away. The rooms are very big, the chairs are very comfortable, and the tea is very good. Sometimes on Sunday afternoon Little Mrs. C. stays at home and gives you moral muffins out of a little silver dish and talks to you about the requirements of your starving soul. Then you think of Little Mrs. C.'s mother who lives in Heaven, where the angels are kept busy manufacturing morality. Sometimes on Sunday evenings Little Mrs. C. goes out to the Carlton, and you give her chicken mayonnaise out of an electro-plated bowl and talk about your starving—that is to say, then you think of Little Mrs. C.'s father, who some day will live in the place where the little devils come from. It is at this critical moment that you invariably look into Little Mrs. C.'s paternal eye. Then you go out into the outer darkness so hurriedly that you forget to leave your purse behind, and some other fellow has to pay the Carlton's little bill.

That also by the way. To return to my morality. Everybody who is anybody knows Little Mrs. C.—people who don't are nobodies, so they don't count—therefore there's no good describing her. As a matter of fact, I couldn't if I tried. Someone once described Little Mrs. C. as "a bunch of violets and a smile." If you talked for a month of Sundays you'd never better that, not even if you were made Archbishop of Canterbury, and earned an honest living by the sweat of your tongue as a Professor of Morality.

A bunch of violets and a smile! Sometimes Little Mrs. C. wears the one, sometimes Little Mrs. C. wears the other. When she wears them both at the same time it is a sign that she is

tired of doing nothing in town and means to take a rest by doing nothing in the country.

She was wearing them both when this moral little story wrote its moral little name in the callers'-book belonging to Madame Morality, which is only another way of saying that, after many moons, she had at last inclined her ear to the prayers of my Aunt Maria and had come down to stay.

The smile was in her eyes and the violets were in her hand as she sat in my Aunt Maria's pet chair, with her feet on my Aunt Maria's pet dog, listening very kindly while, like the gentleman of Hebraic persuasion who preferred farming to visiting, I sat and cursed the day when I had married a wife. Incidentally—she had just arrived—Little Mrs. C. asked me to enumerate the people staying in the house.

In the middle of my list, the Mathieson girls, who were sitting on the terrace outside, began to talk. The talk was very interesting. They were telling all they did not know about Little Mrs. C. to Violet Travers, the acknowledged beauty of the house. As I have said, the talk was very uninteresting, but by the time they had disposed of her complexion, her figure, her hands, her hair, and reached the lace flounces on her petticoats, I suggested we should pull up the blind and let in a little air. It is a fine fallacy to suppose that early August in England—did I say it was August?—is never very hot. Little Mrs. C., however, said she liked the heat. She said in India, where the husbands come from, she had been taught to keep down the blinds on principle. She understood it was the safest way of keeping a small room free from dangerous heat. So we left the blinds down, and my collar and I took a bath while the Mathieson girls talked. Little Mrs. C. and I did not talk; she said she was tired and wanted to go to sleep.

I have more than once been told by women that Little Mrs. C. is a Cat. I suppose that is the reason why she does not shut her eyes when she goes to sleep.

Little Mrs. C. went to sleep with the smile in her eyes and the violets in her hand, while the Mathieson girls and Violet Travers talked. And as they talked the smile deepened and brightened until it shone like a light in the darkness. The violets thought it was the sun, and sent up a cloud of purple incense as a prayer of thanksgiving to her eyes. And so we sat on in the perfumed shadows, and there was magic in the moral beating of Little Mrs. C.'s heart.

Then the smell of a cigar stole like a thief through the swaying blinds, and Violet Travers said in a perfectly new voice, "We're talking of Little Mrs. C.; you know her orfily well, don't you? What's she like?"

A man's step crunched outside, and Jack Carson said, "Oh, thirty-five and dowdy, and no end of side." Then his voice dropped. "She'll be ready to tear your eyes out when she sees you."

Then the Mathieson girls coughed like plain girls cough when they think a man is watching them in church, and Violet Travers laughed. Then the gong went for lunch; there was a pushing back of chairs on the gravel; a man's hand with a turquoise ring on the little finger lifted the blind and they all came in.

There was the jolliest little pause I ever met, then Little Mrs. C. looked at me, and I introduced them all, *Jack Carson included*, to Little Mrs. C.

The Mathieson girls put their hands to their heads, and fumbled with their hair, and Violet Travers fussed at the ribbons round her neck. Jack Carson turned the turquoise ring round and round on his finger and said 'pon his soul, we might take it from him, er—er, he'd never known it to be quite so hot.

Little Mrs. C. said yes, it was really very trying, she could not bear the heat.

Then my Aunt Maria came fussing in, and the Mathieson girls and Violet Travers went out.

My Aunt Maria said, "Dearest, can you ever forgive me? What have you been doing all this weary time?"

Little Mrs. C. said it was she who could never be forgiven; the long journey and the heat had tired her out. She was afraid she had been to sleep.

Then she looked at Jack Carson, and Jack Carson pulled at his moustache. Then Little Mrs. C. went away with my Aunt Maria, and I heard Violet Travers singing very loud in the hall.

[Continued overleaf.]

NOT QUITE THE BEAST HE MEANT.



THE MAN IN THE RUFF (to JONES, who has gone to great trouble and expense to secure a realistic "rig-out" as an ostrich): Hullo, Jones. That you?

JONES: Yes.

THE MAN IN THE RUFF: Well, you do look an awful ass!

DRAWN BY FRED HOLMES.

Jack Carson said, "What the devil do you mean by not coughing to show you were inside?"

I said, "How could I cough when Mrs. C. was asleep?"

Jack Carson said, "Asleep my foot! It was a damned unfriendly thing to do."

Then we went into lunch.

Little Mrs. C. did not come down to lunch. She sent a message to say she was too tired to do anything but sleep. When everybody had finished she came down and had two helpings of everything and three of cherry-tart. The entire staff of servants stayed up to serve her, and quarrelled behind the screens as to who should hand her plate. Then she turned Aunt Maria out of her boudoir, and, this time with her eyes shut, went to sleep.

That night when I came down to dinner, Violet Travers was in the hall showing the Mathieson girls her dress. It was a new dress, all white frills and spangles. The Mathieson girls picked at the spangles to see if they were stuck on by hand, and swore Violet Travers looked perfectly sweet.

I said, "New armour for the fray, Miss Travers?"

Violet Travers tossed her head—it was all curls and frizzles—and said, "Pooh! I'm not afraid of *her*."

Then Little Mrs. C. came down. She had on a shabby black gown with long sleeves and high up round her neck—she said she was afraid she had taken cold. Violet Travers put up her eyebrows at the Mathieson girls and laughed. *Her* arms and neck were twenty years old, and healthily round and red. I thought of the white alabaster hidden away under the cool, curtaining blackness, and I laughed. Then we all went in to meat.

That night Violet Travers was the life and soul of the dinner, and Little Mrs. C. sat quite still and hardly spoke a word. When the women had gone upstairs, Jack Carson said in a truculent kind of way that the man who preferred a bag of bones that didn't even rattle to nine-stone-six of flesh and blood, with a tongue thrown in, must be something a trifle lower than an ass. At that moment Violet Travers began to sing in a thrilly, throaty, English way, and Jack Carson jumped up and said, 'pon his soul, it was the jooce of a sight too sight for a respectable Sambo gentleman to go on drinking wine. So he went away and banged the door, and my Aunt Maria's husband and I, not being Sambo gentlemen, but respectable, married, Christian men, winked at each other across the glasses, and finished the port.

On my way to write some letters I put my head into the drawing-room for a minute to spy out the land. In one corner the Mathieson girls, with their feet stuck out to show their shoes, were turning over a case of medals and looking at Jack Carson under their eyes; in another my Aunt Maria, full of years and French cooking, was fast asleep; under a palm Violet Travers was making eyes at Jack Carson behind a great white fan; by the window, looking out into the night, sat Little Mrs. C., her white hands tenderly listening to the love-making of the violets in her lap.

As I stood there taking them all in, I heard Violet Travers whisper, "Here comes that horrid pig!" So I went up and asked her if she knew her hair was coming down. I noticed Jack Carson's eyes did not follow her as she flounced across the room to look into the glass.

Then all at once Jack Carson said viciously: "Thirty-five? By Gad, she's forty, and plain at that!"

At that moment Little Mrs. C. looked over her shoulder in our direction, and smiled.

Jack Carson twirled the turquoise-ring on his little finger like mad, and said: "I suppose I *must* go and speak to her. What a devil of a bore!" Then he went and stood before her like my Aunt Maria's butler stands on Mondays when my Aunt Maria goes through his account-book and is in a rage. Jack Carson once had me over a racehorse, and I had not forgotten it. For the second time that night I laughed.

As I came downstairs not writing letters I met Violet Travers coming up. I said, "Deserting us already, Miss Travers?" Violet Travers said yes, she had neuralgia in her head. I said, "Yes, I can see it has made your eyes quite red." Then we said good-night and shook hands very cordially twice. I thought of Violet Travers' face when she said, "Here comes that horrid pig," and I was very glad.

The next morning as I was reading the papers, Violet Travers and Jack Carson came into the hall together. They were quarrelling about some flowers in Jack Carson's coat. Violet Travers said, "I've told you *dozens* of times I *never* wear violets. Give the beastly things to me," and snatched them out of his coat. Jack Carson said, "No, if they aren't yours . . ."

I suddenly remembered his remark of the day before, so I coughed as loud as I knew how. Little Mrs. C. came in at that moment, and very kindly asked me why I had a cough. I said "I'm afraid I've taken cold." Violet Travers laughed very loudly and said, "Yes, I can see, it has *made your eyes quite red*." Then she held out the bunch of withered violets to Little Mrs. C. and said, "I'm sure these *must* be yours; they look as if they must belong to you." Little Mrs. C. said, "A thousand thanks. How good of you to pick the poor little darlings up." Then she took the flowers very tenderly and held them up to her lips. Jack Carson caught his breath and said, "I picked them up." Little Mrs. C. looked up at him and said very softly, "Oh, it was *you*!"

Then Violet Travers glared at Little Mrs. C., and Little Mrs. C. looked into Violet Travers' eyes and smiled.

Violet Travers was dressed in bright blue, and looked thirty. Little Mrs. C. was dressed in white, and looked like a little child. She said, "Oh, do let us go and eat all the strawberries before the rest of them come down!" Jack Carson held back an instant, and said to me savagely, "What the devil did you make that row for? Didn't you see I was trying to explain—?" At that moment little Mrs. C. laughed enchantingly in the dining-room, and Jack Carson jostled against me to get first to the door. I fell on the polished floor and twisted my ankle; so I went back to bed, and they all went in and ate strawberries and fried ham-and-eggs and tea.

What happened during the next few days I don't know. I was occupied in bed cursing Jack Carson and nursing my injured foot. When I came down again, it was just on lunch-time and everybody was out.

I took a most interesting book out into the sunshine and sat down to read on a chair behind a bush. In the middle of the most interesting chapter, I was awakened by Jack Carson's voice. He was sitting next a white dress on the other side of the bush, talking about his family history and his old mother. I could tell by his voice that he was twiddling the turquoise ring. I was not particularly interested in hearing about Jack Carson's old mother, nor about Jack Carson's old mother's di'monds and family plate. Still, I remembered his anger when I had disturbed his "explanations" five days before, so, instead of coughing, I went on reading behind the bush.

As I said before, the book was intensely interesting. It was practically a résumé of Jack Carson's history from the hour of his deady uninteresting birth up to present date. It told how Jack Carson's father had been a fine old English gentleman, and Jack Carson was his mother's only child. It told how Jack Carson's mother adored Jack Carson, and though Gawd knew Jack Carson did not want to make himself out any better than he ought to, he wasn't as bad as some people wanted to make out. It went on to say that Jack Carson had a nice little place in Shropshire, not half a bad little tub at Cowes, a decent little crib enough in Kensington, four thousand a year to begin with, and considerable expectations from an aged and asthmatic aunt; and it finished up by swearing that though Jack Carson didn't pretend he wasn't a bit of a sinner, still, if she'd only say yes, Gawd knew Jack Carson would do his level best to become a thundering saint. As a kind of postscript it concluded by stating that the desire of Jack Carson's old mother's heart was to turn out of the nice little place in Shropshire, and hand over the family di'monds to be reset for Jack Carson's wife.

It was at this interesting juncture that I left off reading to inhale the delicious perfume of violets which suddenly filled the air.

It was at this moment also that the white dress moved on the other side of the bush, and Little Mrs. C. said pensively, "Thirty-five and dowdy, and no end of side. You know her orlly well, don't you?"

Jack Carson said, "For Gawd's sake, don't smile at me like that."

Little Mrs. C. said, "Perhaps if I were nine-stone-six of flesh and blood, with a tongue thrown in, I should cry instead."

Jack Carson said, "For Gawd's sake, stop laughing—there's some horrible mistake."

Little Mrs. C. said, "What! Can a bag of bones rattle, after all?"

Jack Carson said, in another man's voice, "If you refuse me, I'll cut my throat."

Little Mrs. C. said, "Really! How interesting! Isn't that the gong? How I hope there'll be cherry-tart again for lunch."

Then the white dress patterned itself across the sunlit grass, and I heard the violets laughing as Jack Carson flung himself face downwards behind the bushes, crying like a girl.

In the train going up to town next day, in consideration of my foot and many virtues, the gods were good, and for the space of three stations I was left alone with Little Mrs. C.

I said, "Why didn't you tell me Jack Carson had four thousand a year and an aged and asthmatic aunt?"

Little Mrs. C. said, "Why didn't you tell me you were reading asleep behind the bush?"

I said, "Seven days and two hearts broken! Considering the scarcity of hearts nowadays, that's not so bad."

Little Mrs. C. said, "Oh, my *dear* friend, not broken *surely*—only twisted."

I said, "Why on earth didn't you leave the poor chap alone?"

Little Mrs. C. said, "That's just what I've done."

I said, "Then why on earth didn't you take him?"

Little Mrs. C. said, "What! And break poor, dear Violet Travers' heart? Consider my morality!"

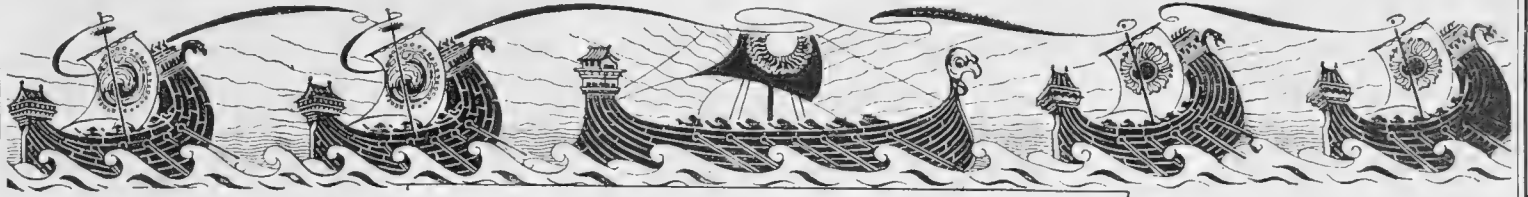
I was just going to consider it when I chanced to look into Little Mrs. C.'s paternal eye, so I considered her instead. I was about to tell her something she knew already when the men cried "Victoria," and the train slowed in. I saw Little Mrs. C. into her carriage, then I went and sent a long and unnecessarily expensive wire to my wife.

The "darling" cost me an extra halfpenny, but I didn't grudge it. There are times, though you'd hardly believe it, when a fellow's glad to be a safely married man.

That's the whole story.

Now I come to think of it, there's not much story; but then, as Mrs. C. would say, "Consider it's *Morality*!"

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

DURING the weary progress of the Thaw trial the name of Miss Winifred Black filled a conspicuous position in the eyes of the newspaper-reading public of America, for she was engaged

in writing vivid special descriptions of the scenes in court during the progress of the case for the *New York Journal* and the other papers owned by Mr. W. R. Hearst. One of the most interesting facts in Miss Black's career is that she went to the leper settlement in Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands, with Sister Rose Gertrude, who attracted so much attention at the time she went to minister to the unfortunate victims of that terrible disease. Sister Rose Gertrude and Miss Black are probably the only two living women who ever set foot on the island and came away from it. Miss Black, who in private life is Mrs. Charles Bonfils, the wife of the managing editor of the *Denver Post*, began her journalistic career

on the *San Francisco Examiner*, the first of the great papers owned by Mr. Hearst. Later, when Mr. Hearst bought the

New York Journal, Miss Black went to New York to write for him, and she has been particularly identified with the charity work it has inaugurated, notably

King in the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, which has just opened in Paris. Another instance of *actualité* is a statue of the Pope. The "Nationale" is the first of the two Spring Salons, which blossom each year at the Grand Palais of the Champs Elysées. It has a fortnight's start of its great rival, the Société des Artistes Français. During that fortnight it makes money. "Drive me to the Salon," says the rich American or the full-blooded Englishman to the *cocher*, and *cocher* trots off to the "Nationale." But once the other is opened, the fare is driven round to the rival door on the opposite side of the same building. Thereafter, the earlier and younger Salon has very little chance against its stronger and official neighbour. That is the point: the "Français" is "official" whilst the "Nationale" is not, and, in France, the official counts for so much. The Grand Palais, the famous remnant of the Great Exhibition of 1900, is

in great request. Up to the moment of holding the first of the Salons, the Palace houses a horse-show. The horses trot out as the canvases come in.



A PROMINENT DESCRIPTIVE WRITER AT THE THAW TRIAL: MISS WINIFRED BLACK.

Photograph by Rubincam.



A 7000-WORD TELEGRAM: THE LONGEST PRIVATE "WIRE" ON RECORD.

To be precise, the telegram consisted of rather over seven thousand words. It was sent to the chairman of a Protestant demonstration held at the Albert Hall, and comprised a short message and many signatures.

among children. So high a value is placed on her descriptive work that at the time of the San Francisco earthquake she went to that city to write special articles for the Hearst papers.

Time is Money. The acceleration of London train services, and the greater attention given to punctuality, make one wonder how many good men and worthy have lost their berths, or failed to gain others, through appointments missed owing to tardy trains. One gets an idea of the sort of thing that may happen from a curious incident which determined the career of Lyon Playfair. A wealthy manufacturer had written to him to return from Germany and discuss terms, with the post of chemical expert for Playfair in a large calico works as the basis. The most particular point in the letter was that Playfair should be at Spring Gardens at noon on that day week. By miraculous good luck Playfair entered the rendezvous as the hour was chiming. There sat the manufacturer, watch in hand. "You are punctual," he said. "I had intended to offer you £300 a year, rising to £400; now I shall give you £400, rising to £600." And he did.



A PRIZE BADGE FOR ENERGETIC MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S TRADE UNIONS.

One of the badges is to be presented annually to the girl who has done most work for the Women's Trade Union League during the year. It is in gold and green; the lettering is on a dull red band, and the pendant is red.

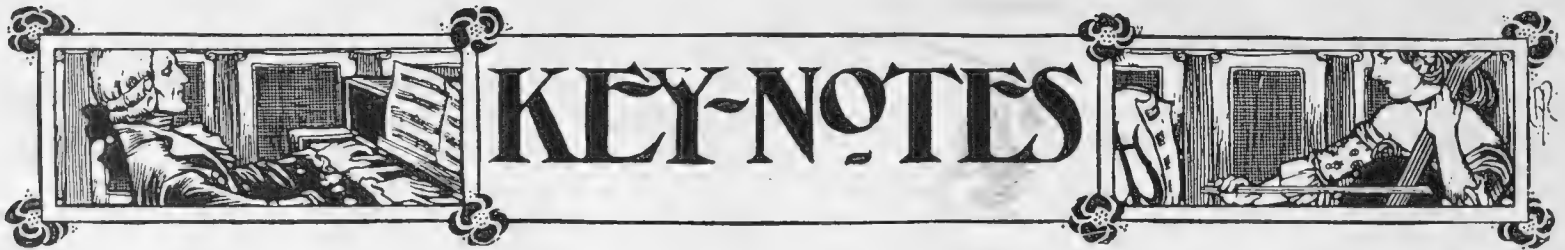
The Gourmet's Secret. Well might a brave Boer warrior who never quailed in

fight tremble for the knife-and-fork battles awaiting his compatriot. The Colonial Premiers are in the thick of their dining engagements. Yesterday they lunched at the Guildhall, and rest to-day after their cheerful labours. On Friday they feast with the Pilgrims; next Wednesday they do double duty—first in Westminster Hall, and later with the Colonial Institute. This is flying in the face of Providence. A City Alderman of infinite experience and capacity has laid it down that for symposia of this character a man, if he is to do justice to himself and his hosts, must fast the day before and the day after. The Colonial Premiers will have learned a few things new to them in the art of dining before they get through their programme. It was a very distinguished man, who had dined with most of the notable people of Europe, who received his instructions from a famous figure in City dining circles. "What, you can't eat any more?" gasped this worthy soul. "Nonsense, my dear Sir—nonsense; try a cold chair!"



THE MAID OF ORLEANS, BY A PRINCESS OF ORLEANS: PRINCESS MARIE D'ORLÉANS' STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC.

In view of the fact that no fewer than three Joan of Arc plays are in course of preparation, one of them for production in a day or two's time, the statue here illustrated has especial interest. The work is one of the "sights" of the city of Orleans.



THE concert season is now in full swing, and its beginnings have been very interesting. The most prominent figure of its first few days has undoubtedly been Herr Arthur Nikisch, who has not only conducted three concerts—one of them choral—but has appeared as accompanist. On Thursday he played for Miss Elena Gerhardt, and he does the same to-morrow (Thursday), and everybody who is interested in accompanying should make a point of hearing him. It is doubtful whether such work

as he does is rightly called by that name; it suggests something subordinate, whereas it is at least of equal interest and importance with the singing. Just as the orchestral part of Strauss's "Salome" is in relation to the "big guitar" accompaniments of early Italian opera, so is the piano part of a song by Brahms, Strauss, and, above all, Reger, to the plain—in many cases merely "decorative"—accompaniments of earlier song-writers. It was, of course, Schubert who first began to write what are really duets for piano and voice. An artist who is to play such music has to possess greater gifts than one who has to sing: he must have perfect command of the most complex technique, besides consummate musicianship. The very technique demanded of a modern

from Berlin; Mr. Edward German's "Tom Jones" is to be produced at the Apollo Theatre, and there is a Philharmonic Concert, at which M. Tivadar Nachez plays his own violin concerto, and new works by Mr. McEwen and Mr. Hubert Bath are to be heard, and Madame Clara Butt sings. To-morrow Mr. Percy Pitt's Sinfonietta will be played, for the first time in London, by the Queen's Hall Orchestra; and at the same concert Herr Kreisler plays the Beethoven Concerto and Bach's Chaconne. On Friday Mr. Bispham gives another recital; and the first appearance of Mr. Glenn Hall, the American tenor, for whom Herr Nikisch also plays, is one of the events of next week.

Towards the end of this month the eightieth birthday of Herr Deichmann will be celebrated with due honours by his German and English friends. Herr Deichmann has borne an honourable part in the progress of musical England during the sixty years of his residence here. He was born in Hanover, and, having studied with Ernst, Spohr, and De Bériot, came to London in 1848, with an introduction from the King of Hanover to the Duke of Cambridge. He still remembers his first interview with the Duke, who patronised his first concert, at which he made a clear profit of £30. (The young violinist of to-day will find his mouth watering at the idea.) Herr Deichmann spent his winters on the Continent, completing his studies under Dr. Bériot, and giving concerts, and soon obtained a prominent position here, being offered, among other things, the leadership of the Philharmonic orchestra. But at that time he thought it wiser to go abroad for another three years, which he did before settling down here for good in 1854. He then became active as a solo player and a leader of quartets (being famous in



A FAMOUS SCULPTOR'S PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS COMPOSER AND PIANIST: PROFESSOR MAX KLINGER'S BUST OF LISZT.

It will be remembered Professor Klinger is also responsible for the remarkable and daring statue of Beethoven of which we recently gave an illustration.

Copyright photograph by E. A. Seemann, Leipzig.

accompanist (it is difficult to avoid the word, even when trying to prove it inaccurate), is quite a special one; in addition to those things which every pianist must know, he must develop, to an extent hardly necessary in a soloist, his command over variety of tone-colour, and he must know how to make subtle use of the pedals. And yet young ladies fresh from school, who can with difficulty stumble through an early sonata of Beethoven, say that they think they are competent to undertake accompanying.

These reflections were suggested by Herr Nikisch's playing, which is absolute perfection in all these respects. Moreover, he has an ideally beautiful touch, and the sense of rhythm which marks him as a leader of the orchestra does not desert him at the piano; and, above all, of course, he has the priceless gift of inspiring enthusiasm. It is this quality, added to the great merits of her voice and style, which lifted Miss Gerhardt's singing so far above the ordinary level and compelled even hardened critics to stay to the last note. She is a standing disproof of the theory that Germany has forgotten how to sing. It may be that the interpretations which we admire so are more Herr Nikisch's than hers, and they do seem to bear the mark of his glowing fancy and rich temperament; but, even so, it is only a very gifted artist who could reproduce them with such charm and power.

At the time of writing, three events of particular interest are fixed for this evening, besides one or two minor things: at the Adelphi Theatre, Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" is to be given for the first time by the company of Die Komische Oper



A CELEBRATED YOUNG PIANIST IN THE PRODIGY STAGE: WILHELM BACKHAUS AS A BOY OF TEN.

Wilhelm Backhaus, the young German pianist who is giving his first recital of the season on Saturday afternoon, May 25, at the Queen's Hall, is one of the comparatively few infant prodigies whose early promise has come to maturity. Backhaus is only twenty-three, but he made his first public appearance when he was eight or nine. In our photograph, Mlle. Czmillá Landi, the well-known singer, is shown tending over him while he plays.

Photograph supplied by A. M. Lane.

that capacity even before the "Pops." started) and of orchestras, besides having numberless pupils—among whom for very many years was the Duchess of Teck.

COMMON CHORD.



ITALIAN CARS—THE PLACING IN THE FLEXIBILITY TRIALS—ANALYSING EXHAUST: THE POISON IDEA DISPELLED—CORDINGLEY'S—
A PNEUMATIC JACK—THE AUSTIN.

NOTHING has been more remarkable in the short but most eventful history of the automobile movement in Europe than the immediate and commanding position taken in the ranks of the industry by the Italian automobile engineers. It has only seemed necessary for an Italian automobile works to be established for the cars turned out at those works to be judged by the experts equal to the best that France or Germany can produce.

Take, for instance, the Fiat, the Bianchi, the Itala, the Züst, the Isotta-Fraschini, and, last but not least, the Junior. In the early part of last month two Junior cars—a 40-h.p. and a 24-h.p.—secured no fewer than four first prizes, among them being the Veneto Automobile Club Cup, and the gold medal of the Milan Club. Examples of these splendidly made cars can be seen at the Junior Show-rooms, 6, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, W.

In my notes of the 3rd inst., I referred to such results of the Flexibility trials as were then available—that is to say, as per stated performances on the road, in the matters of speed-changing and fast and slow runs on top gears. I should have pointed out that the final awards were to be made by

THE DIRECT CAUSE OF A FINE OF 200,000 FRANCES: THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. CROIZET.

Some while ago Lieut.-Col. Croizet, of the 136th Regiment of Infantry, was run down at Villers-sur-Mer by Comte Hélié de Noailles's motor-car and fatally injured.

the light of the Club formula by which Colonel Holden allotted marks for the Crystal Palace Club. These awards were not to hand at that time, but inasmuch as they vary the positions of the cars as previously given, I now state them, with the marks allotted: 60-h.p. Napier (six-cylinder), 1294; 14-h.p. Vulcan (four-cylinder), 1133; 28-h.p. Mass. (four-cylinder), 917; 24-h.p. Courier (four-cylinder), 851. The American Ford, which I placed second and the Maudslay fourth, are fifth and ninth respectively.

Before very long, knowing purchasers of motor-cars will, in addition to club certificates, warranties, awards, etc., demand, and probably obtain, an analysis of exhaust. The technical people at our science schools and institutions will be kept quite busy in resolving captured volumes of exhaust products into their component parts, and so proving the innocuousness or otherwise of the burnt gases, and the degree of perfection achieved in carburation. I really wonder why it has not been done before, and why it has not become general. From some very interesting analytical tables of the emissions from the exhaust of a 40-h.p. Napier now before me, I quite perceive that sufficient attention has not hitherto been given to the constitution of the exhaust products as they issue from the silencer. It is well known that a large quantity of the petrol which passes into the cylinder is not consumed, but how much and what form it assumes on exit can only be determined by such analysis.

Now, some few months ago, the dwellers in London were terrorised by direful statements as to the poisonous nature of the

exhausts proceeding from the internal-combustion engines used to propel motor vehicles. The alarming suggestion was backed by a professor of great renown, until one later and greater—Dr. Ormandy—arose, and most completely dissipated all such fears. That a portion of the exhaust gases is poisonous is true enough, but, then, so is a fraction of every breath exhaled from the mouths of men. So the tables before me show that the poisonous part of the exhaust is a gas termed carbon monoxide, which truly is a deadly poison. But when it is known that this gas is present in the exhaust in the proportion of '3—that is, three-tenths of a part in one hundred parts—well, the scare appears to have had but slight foundation.

Novelties were not altogether the order of the day at the recent show at the Agricultural Hall, but amongst a few things I dropped upon in the gallery was a pneumatic jack shown by the Parsons Sparklet Tyre Inflator Company, to whose liquid carbonic acid gas tyre-inflators I think I have referred recently in these columns. In the operation of this jack an inflator was employed. The jack itself took the form of a hydraulic ram, and being placed under the car in a suitable position for lifting, the flexible inflator-tube was screwed on to a nozzle at the base of the jack, and the other end screwed to the delivery aperture of the gas-bottle. The latter operation opens the retaining valve, and gas at about 100 lb. pressure to the square-inch, is admitted beneath the ram in the jack, and the car is raised to a

THE MOTORIST WHO WAS FINED 200,000 FRANCES: COMTE HÉLIE DE NOAILLES.

—The result was an action against the chauffeur and his master, and the two were fined the record sum of 200,000 francs (£8000): 80,000 francs for the widow, and 30,000 francs for each of her four children.

sufficient height with fairy-like ease. Thus is a most tedious and back-aching job saved to the private car-owner.

It was lately my exceeding pleasure to run across a friend who has just become the delighted owner of a 20-h.p. Austin car, with the result that I was curious to test the eulogiums I had heard showered upon this vehicle on all hands. Recalling the staunch fight that Mr. Herbert Austin was at one time wont to make in the interests of a certain somewhat rattlesome horizontal motor, he was imagined to be wedded to this type, and unwilling to produce, if not incapable of producing, anything of the vertical character. To put the matter in a nutshell, the Austin engine and car, as he has turned it out from his works at Northfield, stands, in sweetness and silkiness, flexibility and quietude, second to none in this country or abroad. The combination of great engineering ability with long practical workshop and road

experience has resulted in the production of a pleasure automobile not surpassed anywhere. In every detail—motor, transmission, back-axle, steering, disposition of controlling members—it is quite the latest word. If any confirmation of this verdict were requisite, it would be to hand in the adoption of the Austin car by Mr. Harvey Ducros junior, of Ducros-Mercédès, Limited, Long Acre, W.C.

[Further Motor Notes will be found on a later page.]



UP-TO-DATE SCOTLAND YARD: ONE OF THE NEW 6-H.P. MOTOR-CARS THAT HAVE SUPERSEDED THE OLD POLICE DOG-CARTS FOR DESPATCH-CARRYING.

Photograph by Park.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

EPSOM SPRING—NUMBERS FOR JOCKEYS—STARTING.

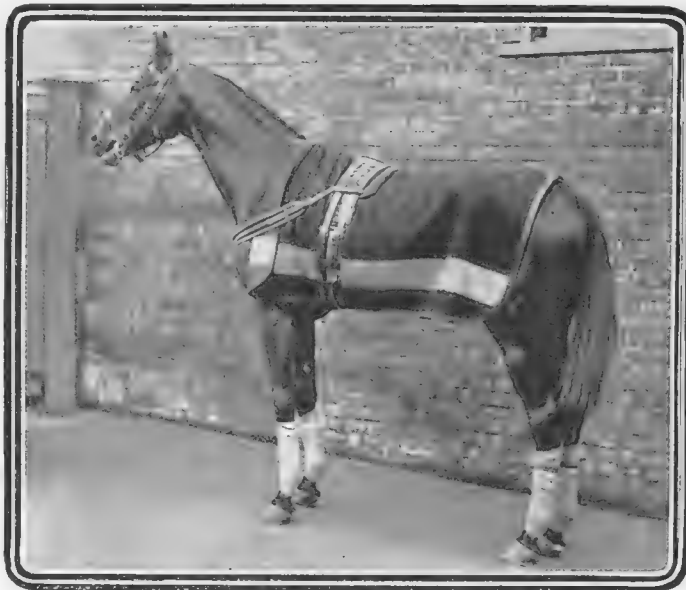
LORD ROSEBERY has been grumbling about the number of lunatics there are located in the near neighbourhood of Epsom. Let us hope that the total may not be added to on April 23 and 24, when the Spring Meeting is in progress. I should like to mention here that Lord Rosebery looks wonderfully well and quite

as young as he did fifteen years back. Indeed, he and his two sons might easily be mistaken for three brothers when seen strolling in park or paddock. Lord Dalmeny and the Hon. Neil Primrose are both clever amateur riders, and they seldom miss a race-meeting unless Lord Dalmeny has politics or cricket on. As Lord of the Manor of Epsom, Lord Rosebery is a perpetual steward of the local race-meeting, and he generally entertains at the Durdans for the spring and summer fixtures. Many admirers of his Lordship are looking forward to his having a good time with his horses at the meeting to commence next Tuesday. I am told, however, that Darling's horses are a bit backward. They have not been hurried in their work, and may not come to hand yet awhile. Ramrod is certain to win a good race when he is thoroughly wound up, and the same remark will apply to Rocketter, who is one of the fastest six-furlong horses in training; and what is more to the point, he is a valuable tale-teller for the stable. If, as has been stated, Slieve Gallion as a two-year-old was tried the equal of Rocketter, then Darling has an easy task in the Derby. It is rumoured that Mintagon is walking-over for the Great Metropolitan, but there are others, and those who back the favourite on the day will not be far off the mark. I like Dean Swift for the City, but shall have more to say about this race next week.

The proposition I am about to make will meet with very little favour at the hands of owners and racecourse officials.

All the same, I am bold enough to suggest that jockeys should wear large printed numbers pinned on the back and front of their silk jackets. There are a great many amateurs who get confused over the multiplicity of colours worn by the jockeys, and they find it difficult to follow a race closely, even by the aid of strong glasses; and hundreds of people who go racing are often unable to discern one horse from another in running. Under the number system every animal running could be located with ease, and it would often be possible

for anyone on the course to tell what had won before the judge's verdict was published on the board. Many owners and some jockeys would, no doubt, assert that my plan would spoil the pictorial effect of a race, but art must give way to utility where the public is concerned. The South African and New Zealand footballers wore numbers, and the result was a great success from the spectators' point of view. I am surprised that the number system has not been adopted in all cricket and football matches in this country. No doubt it will come into general use a few years hence, when certain quite absurd insular prejudices have been overcome. I am certain sport in all its branches could be made much more interesting to the masses if "pure simplicity" were to become the motto of those in authority. It took years of mild agitation on the part of some few of us to get the paddock badges into general use. Now we must beat away at the big drum in favour of numbers.



THE TSAR AS RACEHORSE-OWNER: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S FOUR-YEAR-OLD, HAMMURABI, WHICH IS ENTERED FOR THE GOLD CUP.

Hammurabi is entered by "Mr. Derkul," the nom-de-guerre by which the Tsar has chosen to be known for the occasion. On the colt's shoulder is branded the Russian Imperial Crown. No fewer than nine Russian gentlemen are registered as holding shares in it, but good authority has it that it really belongs to the Tsar alone. It is in charge of Mr. S. Darling.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

"pro.," who waxed enthusiastic over the starting question, contended that the man handling the gate should first of all be a strong man—that is, he should be able to make his personality felt among jockeys. With this I quite agree, and I certainly do think a starter should not be afraid to speak his mind freely to those under his charge. Some few of the jockeys, it seems, are at times trying to poach starts, which causes no

end of bother at the tapes; but it does not follow because a rider is quick out of the slips in one race that he is going to try and do likewise at the next time of asking. It is related of Lord Marcus Beresford that, when he was starting at one of the Metropolitan meetings, he had occasion to criticise a jockey in something like the following language: "Don't be in such a hurry to get off. In the last race I could not get you to go."

CAPTAIN COE.



THE CUBAN EQUIVALENT OF THE SPANISH BULL-FIGHT: A COCK-FIGHT IN PROGRESS.

Cock-fighting is to the Cuban much what bull-fighting is to the Spaniard, and there is much excitement at the moment as to whether the sport should be forbidden on the island. It is thought, indeed, that the Presidential election may be fought almost entirely on this question. The American Governor of Havana has no sympathy with the universal gambling that prevails among the Cubans, and is seeking to check it.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Laid in
Labrador."

We all know the hardships of the offspring of the garden fowl, what indignities they suffer, and how they are conserved in various ways for months, and then abused by the race of man because they are no longer eatable. As someone pathetically

observed the other day, "Alleggs were fresh *once*." Yet mark how those which have been laid by for a while are treated with contumely. In any grocer's shop in any large town you may see the following placards placed on different boxes: "New Laid Eggs," "Fresh Country Eggs," "Breakfast Eggs," "Cooking Eggs," and lastly the simple, expressive, but non-committal word: "Eggs." Now it is to these last (usually the product of the foreign hen) that justice will be done, if a certain amendment to the Merchandise Marks Bill be finally carried in Committee. It is proposed that every egg which crosses the seas to these shores shall be marked with the name of the country in which it was laid. Hence we shall no longer eat specimens from Irkutsk or Winnipeg, from Bessarabia or from Bohemia, without knowing the distance they have travelled and the happy land of their birth. Instead of the familiar "Made

from work and a plethora of "amusement," a plethora which usually ends in boredom or nervous breakdown, unless the "amusement" is indulged in in the country.

To Shave the Suffragist.

Whatever the modern attitude of men towards women may be, it certainly does not err on the side of courtesy. There used to be an unwritten law in England that women-folk must not be caricatured; yet only the other day *Punch* (usually the quintessence of chivalry) published a picture on the subject of Woman's Suffrage so ungallant as to draw forth protests from eminent writers like Mr. W. H. Nevinston in the public Press. Mr. Frank Richardson—who is one of our "daily" humourists—goes further than *Punch*. He not only describes Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Cobden-Saunders, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and the rest of the militant Suffragists as "brawling women," but recommends that magistrates be empowered to sentence them to be clipped. "No woman," he says, "aware that if she made herself a nuisance she would emerge from the police-court bald as an egg, would dream of becoming a hooliganess." This plan may seem exceedingly humorous to Mr. Richardson, but it does not altogether fit in with ideas of the liberty of the subject as we conceive them in this island. Once apply this principle of personal disfigurement as a deterrent to political agitation, and where will the thing end? Perhaps we shall one day see Mr. Frank Richardson condemned (for brawling in Trafalgar Square about conscription or the income-tax) to remain in durance vile until he has grown a luxuriant pair of whiskers.

The Tyranny of Games.

They do nothing by halves in America, especially in the western part of the continent, and it is therefore by no means surprising to hear that the Utah Legislature has recently enacted a law to make bridge illegal. Five years' imprisonment is the penalty for playing the game, which will thus achieve a fearsome attraction in social circles in Salt Lake and other cities. Directly a sport becomes dangerous or a game of chance illegal, it receives a wonderful impetus to popularity. The first universal delirium of bridge is, happily, over in England, and even confirmed card-players show some signs of convalescence, but we are still under the tyranny of games. Though the born gambler never realises it, there are numbers of people who don't care for cards and remain quite cold on the subject of games of hazard. From the point of view of the prudent mother, bridge should be discouraged, for no girl looks her best winning and losing money.



[Copyright.]

A SIMPLE SPRING GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

in Germany," we shall read at the breakfast-table the legend "Laid in Labrador," and if the egg is no longer as young as it was, we shall enjoy the feeling of satisfaction peculiar to Britons that we are, at any rate, patronising the food-product of the foreigner instead of being so sentimental as to encourage home industry.

Work versus Play. In the present controversy about work and play, it is significant that the men-folk have not only had the most to say, but that they are, on the whole, actively averse from toil. I believe that women work better and longer, and are more contented to work, than their husbands, sons, and brothers. No man would be content to drudge from morning to night, year in, year out, bearing and rearing children, cooking, cleaning, washing, and sewing, as do the wives of the proletariat. For these wives and mothers have no amusement or recreation whatever. Not for them, if they are respectable, is the "poor man's club"—that polite euphemism for the public-house; not for them the cricket-pitch, the music-hall, the dancing-saloon, and the race-meeting. It is the same with the girls and women of a rather higher class, such as typists, shop-assistants, post-office clerks, and the like. Hence their overwhelming numbers in City offices: the girl clerk toils assiduously at a lower wage, and wants no "amusements" which interfere with work next day. As to the ladies of the leisured classes, they are suffering from an unnatural exemption



[Copyright.]

A SMART MODEL AT ARTHUR'S, NEW BOND STREET, W.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT-TOWN.

A LARGE number of sport-loving people were lured from London last week by the attractions of Punchestown. As far as can be judged by perusing the accounts of that meeting, Irishwomen—knowing their climate—dressed to pass muster should the weather be the best, and to endure with no undue discomfiture should it be the worst. Their English sisters proved as confiding in the climate as some politicians in the Irish character, and fared about as variously! Not a few ladies—notably Lady Wicklow, Lady Limerick, Lady Mayo, and Lady Annesley—wore the cloth of the country, real Irish frieze, which is patriotic and pretty, particularly now that it is made in pale colours. Punchestown over, many recrossed the silver streak, and were in town on Thursday, a day of marriages.

Bond Street is the place where one sees everything new first and where one meets all the people one knows. If it were possible to spend a month in Bond Street every friend and acquaintance one has in the kingdom would probably have passed that way. The shops become every season more attractive. There is one the display in the window of which fetches dress-loving women up as a magnet a needle. There is never a great deal to look at, but the little is so good and never twice the same. One hundred and sixty-four is the number, and Arthur the name—a tailor who builds for the variety-loving sex with originality, while making a study of suiting the individual figure of those he fits. An illustration of one of his new models will be found on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of dark-blue souple satin-surface cloth. The skirt is plain cut, so that it falls in long lines from a high Empire waistband, giving a graceful look of length to the figure. Above the hem are three deep crosswise-cut pleats. The bolero is sleeveless and cape-shaped; the crosswise pleats over the shoulders are lost at the back and finished with a 'cute little tab over the skirt, embroidered slightly in powder-blue and tabac-brown, finished with about ten tiny gold tack-heads. The braiding is black, and in front has an insertion of cream-coloured guipure lace. There is a smart-looking black glacé vest under two tabs embroidered like that at the back, and finishing with two ends of glacé fringed with silk, and studded with little dead-gold fleurs-de-lys. It is to be worn over a full smart net-and-lace blouse, and is a good example of one of the best style spring costumes. There are many others to choose from, including a novel little coat in the new thick tussore, with a braided design all over it in ordinary parcel string, with a little relief in grey-green velvet. It really is quite ingenious, and extremely pretty.

There are some very good dresses in "The Truth." Those worn by Miss Marie Tempest are distinguished by a grace and simplicity altogether admirable. The first is a gown of creamy white material. Across the footlights it is impossible to say whether it is thick tussore or souple cloth. I think the former. The skirt is perfectly plain, falling in long lines from waist to foot and finished with a deep hem. The bodice has a deep, square embroidered collar, which falls cape-like over sleeves half of net and half of embroidery. The high neck-band and chemisette, which shows at the back and in front, are of tulle embroidered. The second gown is of palest pink thin silk; the skirt is again quite plain, and on the bodice are folds of silken embroidery placed almost fichu-like across the shoulders and over tulle and embroidery sleeves. It is arranged, again, with a high neck-band and chemisette. The style of these dresses is admirably suited to the pretty little, perfectly proportioned figure of her wearer.

Miss Grace Lane, in the second act, wears a very elaborate dress of white cloth, combined with net heavily embroidered with floss silk. The folds of cloth fall straight from the waist, and then at the back is a very deep border of embroidered net with a hem of cloth. This narrows down to about eight or nine inches in front. The bodice is swathed, and there are frills of embroidery

falling quite plainly over sleeves of net and cloth. A long tie of ermine fringed with tails and a flat muff, also tail-fringed, and a large white coarse straw hat with white ostrich-plumes complete a very effective costume.

The newest wrap for the theatre or opera is a long scarf made of chinchilla or ermine. It is treated by furriers in some way which renders it light as gauze or tulle, and yet it is luxuriously warm and clings in to the neck and shoulders in a way delightfully becoming. Naturally, such protection from draught is costly. The fur looks as rich and full as if it were dressed in the ordinary way, but is so soft and pliable that it might almost be pulled through the proverbial ring.

Yellow's forsaken and green's forsworn is part of an old-fashioned rhyme without any reason. The prototype of golden spring sunshine is the favourite hue, and green comes in a good second. Yellow cloth coats, yellow gowns, and yellow boleros are cropping up in the salons of the West End with the persistence of buttercups through the grass. Sulphur is a shade of the fashionable colour that is widely adopted, daffodil is a trifle strong yet: the bridesmaids' dresses of it worn at Lord Cole's wedding were universally admitted to be delightfully pretty. There is no shade of yellow that may not be adopted with impunity. Under the influence of electric light many tones of yellow annex a pink glow. This will rob it of terrors for evening wear to many who dare not venture on wearing it by day.

Yellow gowns and loose three-quarter overcoats lead us to the consideration of brown hats. These are in every tone of brown and in every kind of straw. They are full up of qualities of virtue. Any coloured feathers or flowers harmonise with them. It is just now the correct thing to wear a mixed collection of flowers on hats. I counted eight different kinds of spring blossoms on one shown me, which had just arrived from Paris, and the effect was excellent. There was a feathery mist of London pride above the primula, jasmine, canariensis, daffodil, lilac, crocus, and anemone, which seemed to blend them harmoniously. Also there was a plume of osprey raking back, in which the colours of the flowers were reproduced.

MISS VESTA VICTORIA.

In a small part of our issue we state, in connection with our photographs of the lady, that Miss Vesta Victoria is engaged. As a matter of fact, as we note in most of our copies, the engagement has been denied on the authority of Miss Victoria herself, who wrote to her mother from America asking her to make the necessary contradictions.

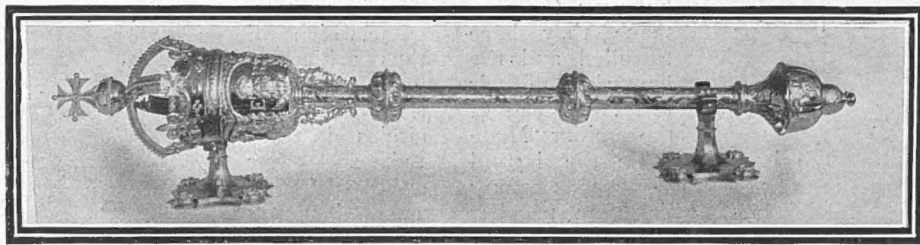
We have received from the British Calculator Company an example of their ingenious Calculator for compound addition.

By the aid of the invention it is possible to add speedily, mechanically, and without fear of mistake, if reasonable care be taken, sums of any length. The instrument is simple and compact, and its working can be mastered in a few minutes. It is operated by inserting an ivory style, very like a cribbage-marker in appearance, in the

notch behind any required figure, and moving the wheel in the indicated direction until further progress is stopped by the style reaching the end of its groove. The style is then withdrawn and reinserted beneath the next figure to be added, and the same operation repeated. The result appears in a little window at one side of the machine. When pence are added the machine repeats after elevenpence half-penny, and the completed shilling is automatically carried forward by the next wheel and shown in the window corresponding to shillings. In the same way every completed pound is indicated in the next window, and every completed fifty pounds recorded in the next. The address of the British Calculator Company is Invicta Works, Windus Road, Stoke Newington, N.



THE BADGE WORN BY THE MESSENGERS OF THE LOWER HOUSE OF THE TRANSVAAL PARLIAMENT (MADE BY THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY).



THE MACE FOR THE TRANSVAAL PARLIAMENT—MODELLED ON THAT INSTALLED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES II. (MADE BY THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY).

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 24.

FOREIGN BONDS.

AMONGST the noticeable developments in finance of recent years, one of the principal is the growing interest taken by the British public in foreign bonds as channels of investment. Ten or fifteen years back, the demand for such securities came either from the Continent or else from people who were regarded as speculators or, at any rate, speculative investors. But now the buyers of bonds are to be numbered in the ranks of conservative investors. A good foreign issue paying 5 per cent. or thereabouts on the money is one of the most popular stocks in the market. Japanese, Chinese, South American, Siamese, even Russian bonds have been bought, and are being bought, with a steadiness that causes scarceness of stock in one thing after another. The Japanese scrip, after dropping to a discount, stands once more at a premium. Russian scrip—but Russians fall into a different category from investment securities, and although the scrip is considered in good quarters as an excellent holding (it pays 6 per cent. on the money) there is too great an element of uncertainty attaching to it for the parson or the spinster to hold. The bonds that are out of favour at the present time are those of Brazil, but they are right enough and likely to advance again before long. The new issue of Chinese Railway Shanghai-Nanking bonds, offered at par, and now 75 per cent. paid, can be bought about 2½ premium, and is one of the cheapest in this department. Japanese 4½ per cent. loans of both series are well secured, but it would not surprise us to see another big issue, either this year or early in 1908, with the Customs offered as special security for the loan.

YANKEES.

That the British investor is becoming heartily sick of the Yankee Market—barring Canadian Pacifics—may be stated without much fear of contradiction. The exploits of Mr. Harriman and his precious confrères have been so exposed by various recent happenings in the United States that the confidence of the majority in the honest working of some of the lines is torn to bits. The railroads are run, it has become fairly patent, for the benefit of gangs of wirepullers. Some few of the Companies stand out as splendid exceptions, untainted by the trail of the share-market manœuvrers, but one after another the undertakings succumb to the maw of this or that clever rogue who uses the railroads as pawns in his game for plundering the public. Maybe, too, the Companies in the United States are not far removed from the apex of their present prosperity. It is rumoured that the Steel Corporation is on the point of raising its Common dividend to 1 per cent. If it does, it will simply mean that the new plant recently purchased must be paid for by money raised under conditions as onerous as those to which the Erie has just resorted for the obtaining of more capital. The Yankee Market is a danger-zone, and we should hesitate more to advise operations on the bull than on the bear tack.

LORD CROMER'S RESIGNATION.

Nothing but good can come of the resignation of Lord Cromer and the appointment of Sir Eldon Gorst, as far as the City is concerned. Lord Cromer, able as he was, had most peculiar ideas about finance and Companies. He loved to interfere in the domestic details of a Company. He was always inclined to the objectionable Founder share—nine-tenths of the Companies floated in Egypt have these shares—which in theory are so beautifully just, in practice so iniquitous and speculative. He laid down the law, and ill-luck came to the financier who argued with his Lordship. Lord Cromer was so anxious not to befriend the English that to-day, although Egypt is piling up wealth, the Jew, the Syrian, the Belgian and the Frenchman are the men who benefit. The two English Banks have done well, but compared with the foreign Banks they have done little. The Land Companies have in spite of themselves made money. The foreign Land Companies have built up fortunes. Lord Cromer was so anxious not to be thought a jobber in concessions that he went to the opposite extreme.

He had a positive mania about speculation. He attempted to stop all gambling in cotton. He did all he could to stop gambling on the Bourses in Cairo and Alexandria. He never seemed to realise that all trade is speculation; and, although born of a trading house, he had the soldier's horror of trade and all connected with it. In the Sudan, of which he was more completely the master than even of Egypt, he filled all possible posts with officers. As a result, the Sudan has not progressed as rapidly as the potential wealth of the country justifies. Soldiers are not traders. In a new country we want enterprise, not hard-and-fast regulations. Lord Cromer never took, or permitted anyone else to take, risks. Able man as he was, he had stayed too long. He was just the man in the right place ten years ago. His sense of order was what the country wanted. He was hard, but just.

Egypt to-day is a very wealthy country, requiring merely good laws and freedom. Trade-interference is always bad. Sir Eldon Gorst will not interfere. He has modern ideas. He will accommodate himself to the present conditions of the country. Politically he may not be successful, but to those who go to Egypt to make money he will be a useful man.

THE PREMIER DIAMOND SHARES.

The Premier Diamond mine, great mine as it has been proved to be, has been something of a disappointment to the shareholders hitherto. It is satisfactory, however, to find from the latest reports that the obstacles in the way of its complete success are now in a fair way to be removed. One of the greatest of these obstacles has been the inadequate water-supply; but this has been finally overcome by the completion of the Wilge River Water Scheme at the end of July last. The beneficial results were immediately apparent, for whereas for the first nine months of the financial year the profit amounted to £436,917, for the last three months, from August to October, the profit equalled £236,431. At the annual meeting on Feb. 26 the Chairman remarked, "We can now look upon the last quarter of the year as indicating the normal earning power of the mine under existing circumstances." This forecast has been borne out by events, for the output for the first quarter of the current financial year (November 1906—January 1907) was 350,468 carats, as compared with 323,499 carats in the previous three months. For February the output was 113,422 carats, and in March, 157,037 carats. Last year, approximately 3,000,000 loads were washed, and the profit was rather more than 5s. per load. In this connection, the shareholders will notice the significant remark in the Chairman's speech: "I wish to specially point out that the cost before you now is no guide for the future, as only three months of regular working at normal cost are included in the statements." On the whole, there seems little doubt that the profit for the current year will be well over £1,000,000, which will enable the directors to distribute £1 per share on the Deferred shares. The Board, however, have always maintained that they will pay £2 per share per annum in dividends, and as it seems clear that this is impossible with the present plant, plans are being prepared to increase the plant up to a capacity of 12,000,000 loads per annum. The reserve existing in the Cullinan Diamond will enable the Company to obtain the necessary funds, and thus the provision of a new gear will not interfere with the distribution of future profits. The mine is so enormous that the question of supplying this huge quantity of ground presents no difficulties, and it would, in fact, only deepen it about thirty-five feet per annum. The price of diamonds continues to advance, and the Company obtained 28s. 4d. per carat last year, as against 23s. 6d. in 1905. Whether it will be possible for the Company to obtain any modification of what can only be called the iniquitous Diamond Law is doubtful; but it will not have escaped notice that Mr. Cullinan has been elected to a seat in the new Parliament of the Colony, so that the Company will have a friend at court. Last year the De Beers Company paid in dividends £1,800,000, and in direct taxation £90,000; while the Premier Company paid £260,000 in dividends and £372,000 in direct taxation. In conclusion, I would say a word for the Preference shares. It takes only £100,000 to pay the dividend on these shares, and whether the dividend on the Deferred be £1 or £2, there can be no question as to the security for the Preference dividend. At £8½, the present price, these shares return a clear 7 per cent., and I know no investment returning the same rate which is better secured. Q.

Saturday, April 13, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."*

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

DOUBTFUL.—The San Patricio meeting has not been held, but will be called in May or June. The market does not expect the dividend to be passed. Price about 20s. The directors are very much the same as Barrenechea. The Pacific Company is not under the same management.

MEDICO.—We advise you to buy (1) American Freehold Land Mortgage Company 6 per Cent. Preference stock, (2) Argentine Land and Investment Company 5 per Cent. Preference shares, (3) Chinese Imperial Railway Gold bonds, (4) San Paolo Railway Ordinary stock, (5) United of Havana Railway 5 per Cent. Debentures. The banks you name are all right, but the liability on the shares is heavy. In Bank of Australasia there is a liability of £40 a share, and in the Chartered Bank of £20 a share. Canadian Pacific stock is a good purchase, with no liability.

J. A. S. B.—The Company is doing about the same as last year. The Preference shares are certainly cheap and pay about 9 per cent.

MAMMON.—The shares A, B, and C in your list are all fair Industrial risks, but C seems high, and the trade is getting very congested and competition increasing. As to the Rubber Company we have no information of a reliable character to base advice upon.

MISS J. P.—The thing you mention is merely a flaming advertisement of people you should under no circumstances deal with. We have repeatedly written about Premium bonds (see our issue of March 13th). If you, after reading what we have said, want to buy Premium bonds we urge you to buy in the market and at proper price—not through advertising touts who charge you 25 per cent. above the proper price.

H. T. (Glasgow).—Your letter was answered on the 12th inst.

POINT TO POINT.—The options are gambles, but the railway is not a bad one. The puff of the Copper Company is probably written because the tout has the call of shares at a price which will give a good profit. We think the Exchange will pay if you win.

F. W. P.—Your letter was answered on the 12th inst.

K. H. J.—We will make inquiries as to how the business is going on, and let you know.

HAROLD.—The prices are so low that, if the shares were our own, we should hold on. There seems every prospect of an improvement in diamond concerns, and to sell now seems like throwing the shares away.

KALLY.—(1) We have little faith; the meeting should be in December. (2) Hold for cheaper money, which seems within sight. (3) A pure gamble, depending on the general movement of the American market. (4) Everything points to a screw loose with this concern.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Newmarket, I fancy Dalharco for the Babraham. Other fancies are: Apprentices' Handicap, Desca; Sale Stakes, Flower Bed; Wood Ditton Stakes, Prodigy; Column Produce Stakes, Prince of Orange; Granby Plate, Dorru; Flying Handicap, The Rialto, Three-Year-Old Handicap, Billidere; Craven Stakes, Slieve Gallion; 47th Biennial, Troutbeck. At Derby the following may go close—Doveridge Handicap, Croisette; Sudbury Plate, Opal; Welbeck Handicap, Hexagon; Chaddesdon Plate, Desespoir; Derbyshire Plate, Ulysses. For the Great Metropolitan at Epsom I fancy Mintagon.

THE MAN ON THE CAR—(Continued.)

RELIABILITY, AND THE DEASY CAR ON DUNLOP TYRES—WIRE CYCLE-BUILT V. WOOD-SPOKED WHEELS—THE JUNIOR 24 H.-P.: "AN ITALIAN MASTERPIECE"—A SUPERFINE EXHAUST.

CAPTAIN H. H. P. DEASY, the head and front of the Deasy Motor Company, and the self-same gallant officer who wrote "In Thibet and Chinese Turkestan," has just completed the first 1000 Miles Long Distance Trial, carried out under the auspices of the Irish Automobile Club, driving a 24 h.-p. four-cylinder Deasy Car. The official report of the trial is not to hand at the moment of writing, but nevertheless I am able to state, upon the authority of one who travelled on the car every day and all day of the six, that the car "came through without an involuntary stop, without a single adjustment, or a single puncture of the Dunlop tyres." Deasy has what the school-boy calls "rotten luck" generally, but by the description

greatly improved in connection with the modern car, and at the recent Islington Show several examples that were well above the old average were shown. Personally, I fail to grasp the advantage of placing wooden spokes at a tangent, and therefore in tension.

Since writing the note in which the "Junior" cars are mentioned I have been afforded a very interesting run in an example of the latest 24-h.p. Junior. The suggestion made by the importers that it is "an Italian masterpiece" quite meets my view of this well-considered car. In slow top-speed running on the level and uphill—the latter the severest test to which an internal-combustion engine can be subjected—this car behaved to my entire satisfaction. There was an entire absence of fuss, jar, or knock, and when the throttle was opened the car swept away in great style. As an engineering job, the chassis is an object-lesson.

As I have before suggested, the character of exhausts is under close consideration just now. We hear much chatter



A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT ENGINEERED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER: THREE PHOTOGRAPHS OF AN INGENIOUS "FAKE" DISASTER.

Photographs by Henry Bourcellier.

of the truly awful weather it would appear that his star was for once very much in the ascendant upon the trial in question. But the Deasy is a staunch, British-built vehicle.

Notwithstanding the theoretical reasons underlying the wire cycle-built wheel, I doubt if it will ever supersede the gun-carriage type. Tastefully designed and highly finished body-work—proceeding, say, from the ateliers of such long and well-established a firm as Morgan's—loses more than half of its dignity if it is set over wire cycle-built wheels. After all, the modern form of wood-spoked wheel serves its purpose exceedingly well, takes a more satisfactory finish, and is very much easier to clean. That is why the wire wheel will always lack the support of the paid driver. Of course, the construction of wooden-spoke wheels has been

of analyses, but, short of anything so complex and misunderstood of the public, a test to which I saw a 16-20 h.-p. Chenard Walcker engine submitted a few days ago struck me as sufficiently convincing. A car which had been running about town most part of the morning was driven into the garage, and its engine allowed to rotate as slowly as it would turn round for ten minutes, while a screen of thin white muslin was placed three inches from the exhaust-orifice. The screen was then shifted slightly, and the engine running fast for a similar period of time, the exhaust was allowed to impinge on a fresh place on the muslin. Subsequent examination of the delicate fabric showed that in neither case had the emissions more than slightly tinged the material. If this test catches on we shall have delicate women testing the exhausts of new cars by the aid of their *point d'Alençon mouchoirs*.



DUNLOP TYRES

For motors and cycles